

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE CRISIS IN EGYPT.—THE MOB WRECKING AND PILLAGING A SHOP IN THE EUROPEAN QUARTER OF ALEXANDRIA.  
SEE PAGE 342.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

65, 66 & 67 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, JULY 22, 1882.

A NEW SERIAL.

We shall commence, in No. 1401, issued July 26th, the publication of a new serial story by

WILKIE COLLINS,

ENTITLED

"HEART AND SCIENCE; A STORY OF  
THE PRESENT TIME,"

and secured at large expense expressly for the columns of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. This last production of one of the foremost of English authors, whose popularity in this country is scarcely less pronounced than in his own, is characterized by all the startling realism, vivid character-painting, interesting dramatic situations and wondrous descriptions which have given his previous works their peculiar fascination. That it will add to his reputation with the reading public, we have no doubt whatever.

THE EGYPTIAN STRUGGLE.

THERE are few American citizens who will not sympathize with the Egyptians in their resistance to the assault of the British fleet upon Alexandria. Doubtless, that unfortunate country possesses little of genuine civilization; it is true that anarchy and misrule have prostrated the safeguards of property and life, and that ignorance and poverty characterize the great mass of the population. But it is also true that something like an impulse of nationality is beginning to stir in the minds of the more thoughtful leaders of public opinion, and that the possibility of establishing a distinct national autonomy, with genuine home rule, has revealed itself to her more clear-sighted statesmen. Arabi Pasha, whatever may be his faults, is apparently dominated by a desire to rescue his country from the political servitude under which it suffers, and his defiance alike of the authority of Turkey and the intervention of the Powers is the direct outcome of this patriotic sentiment. We may criticize the quality of his judgment in supposing he could make even a tolerable defense of his position against the power of Europe; we cannot but shrink appalled from the excesses which attended the evacuation of Alexandria; but it is impossible not to respect the feeling of resentment against British menaces which flamed from the mouths of the guns so soon silenced in the bombardment of last week.

Putting ourselves in Egypt's place, the act of Great Britain in battering down the City of Alexandria cannot be justified. Putting ourselves, however, in her place, as the representative of the Powers and of the European concert, it is not difficult to find a justification of her course in the fact that paramount public necessities, in which the whole world is more or less concerned, compelled her to aggressive action. Leaving aside the circumstance of the outrages upon British citizens in the recent riots—compensation for which might, indeed, have been demanded directly from Turkey, but in the paralysis of the Egyptian Government obviously in vain—and putting out of view entirely the interests of the English bond-holders, which Mr. Gladstone distinctly declares have not been taken into account in the matter—there still remains the fact that the insurrectionary Egyptian régime, being one of military violence, constitutes a menace to an indispensable highway of commerce, the preservation of which is a duty which the Power chiefly interested in it owes to the world. To Great Britain the Suez Canal is what the Pacific Railway would be to the United States. If some hostile power constantly waited an opportunity to seize California and Oregon, as Russia waits her opportunity to pounce down and obtain a foothold in India. It may be said with truth that the British Empire in India depends upon the maintenance of uninterrupted communication by this great water-way across the Egyptian sands. To the world at large its commercial value is scarcely less than its political and military value to England. There was, therefore, in the presence of these supreme considerations, but one course to be pursued. To have remained indifferent, awaiting the slow conclusions of the Constantinople Conference, or the destruction of the canal as threatened by the military party which had practically deposed the Khédive and usurped all the functions of internal administration, would have been to invite the very disaster which all Europe was concerned in averting. It was necessary to demonstrate promptly, by an overwhelming display of power, that the paramount interest of the nations in the preservation of order in Egypt must be respected, and that if not respected, the international police would come upon the scene and compel obedience to law and respect for the common rights of mankind. This England has done; finding Turkey unable

or unwilling to subdue an organized revolt against her authority, the enforcement of which is essential to high international interests, she interposes for the suppression of the revolt, and on every ground of political necessity, whatever may be the fine morality of the case, her course is clearly justifiable.

What results may follow the British exploits at Alexandria cannot well be conjectured. The occupation of the city, while it secures a measure of order and safety, affords no substantial strategic advantage; indeed, it may be doubted whether, militarily, the British are not now in a worse position than before the bombardment. Certainly the restoration of the *status quo* has been made more difficult. If the force with which Arabi Pasha has retreated to the desert, or possibly to Cairo, can be held under discipline, he can, for a time, by destroying the railway, defy pursuit, and, if so disposed, can do almost irreparable mischief to the canal; but, of course, his ultimate defeat will be inevitable.

A good deal will depend, of course, upon the action of Turkey; if she should intervene actively, and with sufficient strength, Great Britain would probably withdraw her forces; if she still refuses to do so, which is more probable, the hostile force will no doubt remain on the scene, meanwhile opening communications with the Khédive with a view to the assertion of his authority. Pending the final issue, the Powers will watch every movement of Great Britain with a jealous and suspicious eye, lest, being in possession, she should proceed to compensate herself for the expenditures of the war by administering upon the estate. Russia would no doubt look complacently on the absorption of any part of Egypt by England, since her own ambition for a slice of the Ottoman Empire would be promoted thereby; but the other Powers would resent any proceeding of this sort as contrary to the spirit of the concert, and very serious complications would eventually follow. There is no indication as yet, however, that such a policy of absorption would be sanctioned by British opinion, and Mr. Gladstone certainly is not likely to propose a course so utterly at variance with all the principles of his public life.

The massacre of the Christians and Europeans in Alexandria will of course greatly intensify British feeling, and the popular clamor for vigorous measures, even to the extent of the extermination of the entire hostile population, will be so violent that it will be difficult for the Government to resist it. Troops and munitions are being forwarded to Alexandria with all possible haste, and at this writing the indications are that the struggle initiated for the capture of the Alexandrian forts will develop into a conflict involving the whole of Egypt. The near future may see Cairo in ashes, as Alexandria now lies in ruins, and fire and sword smiting the land far and wide.

COMBINING FOR SANITARY REFORM.

SANITARY science may be said to date back only to the time of the Crimean war. Since then its history is one of constant progress, not rapid but steady, until now, among the more intelligent classes and advanced thinkers, it ranks among those instrumentalities which are acknowledged as vitally essential to the betterment of mankind, morally as well as physically. There are about twenty-five isolated societies in different parts of the country working for sanitary reform, and four times that number of associations devoted to rural improvement. While the two are entirely distinct so far as the immediate object is concerned, there is such a similarity of design and such a community of interest in their efforts, that a general and broad classification not unnaturally groups them together. Rural improvement in the matter of tree-planting, the location and treatment of parks, and the proper care of grounds, buildings and residences, are in precisely the line of sanitary improvement, and sanitary reform applies with equal force and benefit to the country mansion and farmer's cottage as to the public hall, private residence or tenement-house in town.

The latest outcropping in the direction of showing how strongly the entire subject is taking hold of the public mind was the recent organization, at Warwick Woodlands, of a National Association of Sanitary and Rural Reform. Men who have given much thought to the various subjects this name suggests, and, better still, have proved their faith by their works, attended the conference and devoted three days to practical discussions and a free interchange of thought. Large latitude was allowed, as will be seen when it is stated that papers were read on such topics as "Horseback Riding versus Malaria," "Woman and Household Sanitation," "School Hygiene," "Tree Preservation," "The Adulteration of Food," "Tenement House Reform," "Sanitary Cooking," "Sanitary Plumbing," "Tree Planting in Streets and Parks,"

"Influence of Woman in Village Adornment," "Sanitary Tracts," and so on through a long list.

The attendance at this conference was not large, but the few who were present were very much in earnest, and were full of that spirit which warms into larger and more important life undertakings for the general good which have small beginnings.

Heretofore individual societies, working only for their own communities, or for their own States at most, have accomplished much. The New York Sanitary Reform Society has secured the passage of laws requiring the registration of plumbers and a supervision of their work by the Board of Health, and regulating the construction of tenement-houses, partially abated the Hunter's Point nuisance and erected model tenement houses. A similar society in Newport, R. I., has secured the removal of refuse from that city, a system of cleaning the streets and the keeping out of impure ice. In Brooklyn the sanitary organization has secured an enforcement of the plumbing laws, improved the school-houses and closed up impure wells. Many small country villages have been wonderfully improved, notably Stockbridge, Mass., where twenty-nine years ago the pioneer effort was made, with women as the most active workers; and remarkable sanitary benefits have resulted from the efforts of local organizations in New Orleans, Savannah, Natchez and other Southern cities. It is hoped and expected by the men and women—it augurs well that women are heartily identified with the movement—who have become the apostles of the new national society that co-operation will give a fresh impetus, and impart a new and aggressive vitality, to the cause which deserves and will receive the best wishes of every right-thinking citizen in the land.

SUMMER SPORTS.

THE leisure blessed and pleasure-loving are now in the very whirl of the outdoor sports of Summer time. On every hand is heard the racket of all games of rivalry—horse-racing, boat-racing, yacht-racing, baseball and the lighter pastimes of the lawn. It is useless for anybody, in any interest, to inveigh against any of these sources of enjoyment, for they are at least measurably harmless, and they serve to satisfy the love of manly sports and amiable contention which is a part of human nature. We may wisely do whatever we can to promote this muscular emulation, if we can thereby prevent the frequent appearance of the brutal struggles—man-fights, bull fights, dog-fights and cock-fights—which depend upon cruelty and pain for their outcome and the gratification of spectators.

Indeed, the popular sports of this country, while accompanied by incidental evils, are, on the whole, a great positive good. The courage of a nation's soldiers and the energy of a nation's business men depend upon the commanding and overcoming qualities which are developed in a nation's boys; and this development is mainly effected by friendly measurements of strength and skill. The development of the strength and speed of horses is of scarcely less import; and the victories which American steeds have won on English turf during the last year or two show conclusively that we are not only superior to the world in the rearing of roadsters, and all trotting horses, but that we are at least equal to England in the production of running horses, for which we, who care nothing for the chase, have little use. The recent substitution of running races for trotting races in this country is unwise, because essentially un-American. What we need here is not rapid runners, but rapid trotters; and the increase of the pace of trotting horses in a short time from 2:28 to 2:20, 2:18, 2:15½, 2:14, 2:12½, 2:10½, indicates that, with a few more years of artificial selection and careful breeding, the mile may be made in two minutes. This would be an absolute benefit, for it would, in time, mend the average pace of all American roadsters. Then could we say, as John G. Saxe did in his toast to Vermont: "Our men, women, maple-sugar and horses; the first are strong, the last are fleet, the second and third are exceedingly sweet, and all are very hard to beat."

Concerning gambling on the result of a race of any kind, there is one obvious rule that it is safe to follow: If your relation to the racers is such that you can command the result, by buying off all of the contestants but one, it would be wise to put a good large stake on that one, and pluck the greenhorns. This is the real science of winning on a race, for the problem contains no unknown quantities. You can make the equation without introducing either *x* or *y*. Of course some novices will by mistake bet on the same horse you do, and they will greatly exalt themselves therefor and boast of their sagacity, but the next time they will happen to bet on the wrong horse—the animal that is handicapped. In one other case you might bet and win: If

you knew all the good and bad points of all the horses, and knew that none of the riders would be tampered with. If you belong to neither of these classes, of course you will not bet on a horse-race in the expectation of winning. If you have money which you wish to venture, bet when it will rain next, when the first snow will come, how long the Egyptian troubles will last, how many people will go by on the sidewalk in a given time—bet on anything but a horse race of which you have not special, intimate and confidential knowledge.

EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

AMONG the topics always forced upon our attention during the Summer heats, when thinking is specially burdensome, is that of education in all its various phases and ramifications; and this year the question of "the higher education of women" is particularly prominent. The old proverb that "Nothing is ever settled until it is settled aright" finds an illustration in the growth of this question. It was long ago declared, upon what was assumed to be the final authority, that girls neither needed nor could endure such an education as is admitted to be indispensable for boys, and that they should, therefore, be content to leave the fields of classical and scientific knowledge, as embraced in the university curriculum, to be explored exclusively by their brothers. But the question would not stay settled in this shape. Neither the common sense of reflecting men nor the aspirations of our girls would be satisfied with the conclusion. The demand that every branch of study should be accessible to girls and boys alike has grown louder year by year, until at last our best educators on every hand are seriously considering how it should be met.

Three colleges for women—Vassar, Wellesley and Smith—have been established in this country within a few years to meet this demand, and Michigan and Cornell Universities and several smaller institutions have opened their doors to girls on the same terms as to boys. But still the demand is not fully answered. It is more than suspected that the opportunities and facilities offered to girls in the institutions established for them exclusively, though excellent as far as they go, are not all that they ought to be, while for local and other reasons it is not convenient for all girl students to go either to Ann Arbor or Ithaca. There is a strong pressure upon the older colleges and universities to contrive some way of bringing their advantages within the reach of girls, and in time no doubt this pressure will prove too strong to be resisted.

This subject claimed the attention of the American Institute of Instruction at its meeting in Saratoga the other day, being introduced by John Tottow, Master of the Boston Latin School for Girls, who read a paper full of admirable suggestions. He showed how the hostility to the higher education of women, which twenty-five years ago was very pronounced, has finally yielded to argument and the teachings of experience. The testimony of those who have observed the work of women in colleges was appealed to as evidence of the aptitude of women for intellectual studies. He maintained that experience had already shown that women may not only with safety, but with increasing health and strength, pursue a course of collegiate study. He might have referred for proof of this to the experiences of the students at the Harvard Annex for women, nearly forty in number, of whom it is said, on high authority, "that their physical endurance and brain dynamics are fully equal to those of male students." Examinations there, says a writer in the *Independent*, are marked strictly on the university scale, and have been successfully passed by the students. "The young ladies are the very picture of robust health," and "the health of many has been much improved in the three years of study already passed." So much for the results of experience in opposition to theories dogmatically asserted and prejudices arising from the ignorance of the past.

The question of the co-education of the sexes, strictly speaking, is not necessarily involved here, but is worthy of the gravest consideration upon its own merits.

THE EFFECT ON TRADE.

OF course if there is to be a protracted war in Egypt our agricultural interests cannot fail to be materially benefited, and should the conflict widen into a European struggle, the advantage accruing to those interests would be immense. Our shipping interest and the export trade with India, however, will not be much affected one way or the other, even should the Suez Canal be destroyed, as the vessels taking petroleum from this port to India invariably, owing to the high tolls by way of Suez, go round the Cape of Good Hope. Vessels with tea, sugar, hemp, and other merchandize, however, coming this way from Hong Kong, Bombay, Manila, Penang



and other ports, can afford to pay the tolls, owing to the high rates of freight which have prevailed at these ports for many months past. It is to be remembered, too, that the bulk of our tea now comes across the Pacific to San Francisco and is shipped overland to New York.

The shipping interest, then, need not be very seriously affected by the Egyptian difficulty, while this latter may, on the other hand, greatly promote our grain and cotton traffic. There has already been an excited speculation in wheat in New York and Chicago, based on the possibility of the canal being closed and the trade in Egyptian and Indian grain with Great Britain thereby seriously embarrassed, if not greatly reduced. It would, indeed, be a serious blow to English trade were the great waterway to be closed, not only because the distance between Bombay and London would be greatly increased, but also for the reason that many of the vessels engaged in the Suez trade are not adapted to the passage round the Cape of Good Hope.

Prices of grain have been advancing, and unless hostilities in the land of the Ptolemies are speedily terminated a further rise is inevitable. Great Britain has 75 per cent. of the foreign trade of Egypt, and a considerable supply of corn and flour is derived from this quarter. If, in addition to losing this source of supply, Great Britain finds her own crop short, as now threatens to be the case, and, moreover, finds it difficult to bring grain from India, the effect must naturally be to make her more than ever dependent upon the United States for her cereals.

Cotton has also risen in price of late, owing to the Egyptian trouble. Great Britain pays Egypt on an average thirty million dollars annually for cotton. With this supply cut off, and the Suez Canal closed to the India trade, our own cotton interests will be greatly promoted. In view of the possible trouble, English spinners have purchased freely in this market within the last six weeks, and the speculation in "futures" has greatly increased at steadily advancing prices. Cotton culture in Egypt is a result of our Civil War. Ismail Pasha, seeing the dearth of cotton at the opening of the great rebellion, was wise enough to encourage its culture in his dominions, himself setting the example. The result is that within ten years Great Britain has paid Egypt for raw cotton no less than \$325,000,000. Our planters would be loud in their complaints if their trade were not far larger than this; for, while Egypt's annual crop is 450,000,000 pounds, ours has reached 3,200,000,000 pounds. Still, the fact remains that the Egyptian crop is an important factor in the world's supply—as also the 365,000,000 pounds raised in India, of course—and there seems no good reason why the alluvial lands in the valley of the Nile may not eventually prove as productive as the "bottom lands" of the Mississippi.

Meanwhile those commercially interested in the struggle between the contending Powers are preparing to take further advantage of it should opportunity offer. But there is a growing disposition to proceed more slowly and not overdo the matter. If an unusual quantity of our leading products shall be required, it is gratifying to know that the crop prospects for both cotton and grain have greatly improved within a few weeks, and that the indications point to abundant harvests.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE crisis in Egypt, which we have discussed elsewhere, has overshadowed all other foreign topics. In England, since the Irish question has for the moment almost disappeared from view, the Repression Bill met no effective opposition in the House of Lords, being passed through committee and its third reading without a division, and the Royal assent was given to the measure on July 12th. It was promptly put in operation, sixteen counties being proclaimed on the 14th. The House of Commons is now giving its attention to the Arrears of Rent Bill. An amendment that the relief shall be a loan at one per cent., repayable within fifteen years, has been rejected. Mr. Gladstone has announced that, after the passage of this Bill, he will ask for an adjournment, probably until the latter part of October, Parliament then to meet for the purpose of discussing procedure only. John Bright has resigned his seat in the Cabinet, owing to his dissent from the Government's Egyptian policy. One or two fresh outrages were reported in Ireland last week, and the list for June foots up 283, of which five were murders. A riot occurred last week at Tredegar, Wales, between the Welsh and Irish, in which many houses of Irishmen were sacked and several persons severely injured.

The death of General Skobeleff caused universal mourning throughout Russia, and there was a great demonstration at his funeral, which was attended by the Grand Dukes Alexis and Nicholas, the Minister of War and a large concourse of people. The Emperor sent a dispatch to Skobeleff's sister, in which he pronounced his death "an irreparable loss to the army," and added: "It is sad, sad indeed, to lose a man so useful and so devoted to duty." The suddenness of Skobeleff's death gave rise to all sorts of rumors as to its cause. The Paris *Gazette* going so far as to declare that he committed suicide in order to escape an exposure

of his connection with the Nihilists, while a theory that he was poisoned by Germans took firm hold of the popular mind. A post-mortem examination, however, showed convincingly that death was caused by apoplexy. The coming man in the Russian army is now thought to be General Kolpakovski, a general who has risen from the ranks by sheer and reckless daring in Central Asia. Another batch of Nihilists has been arrested in St. Petersburg, the party including several high personages and officials who had taken quarters near the building occupied by the secret police administration, and intended to undermine it by a mine starting from their lodgings.

Several serious disasters have occurred during the past week. The Dutch ironclad *Adder* was lost at sea, with all on board. A railway collision at Cork, Ireland, injured thirty persons, twelve of them probably fatally. A train on a Russian railway, with 217 persons on board, ran off the track between Tcherny and Eastjeur, and 178 persons were killed, while those who were saved were more or less injured.—The Spanish Cortes has been suspended, the Cabinet not declaring the session ended, because they deem it possible that it may be necessary to reassemble it on account of possible Eastern complications.—Said Pasha, formerly Prime Minister of Turkey, has been reappointed to that office in succession to Abdurrahman Pasha.—Thirteen Socialists at Prague have been sentenced to prison for terms varying from two years to one week.

WILLIAM H. HUNT, late Secretary of the Navy and now Minister to Russia, has had a windfall which transforms him from a gentleman in somewhat embarrassed circumstances into one of the wealthiest members of our diplomatic service. José Domingo, a native of Spain and a Carlist exile, who came to New Orleans forty years ago and accumulated an immense fortune as a cigar importer, died last week, and, having no heirs, left by will his homestead to Mr. Hunt's daughter, and the balance of his entire estate to Mr. Hunt. The fortunate beneficiary of this unexpected fortune is happily a gentleman of fine tastes and culture, and he may be expected to employ the wealth so suddenly acquired in ways at once honorable to his country and creditable to his own dignity and character.

HEROISM, in whatever field it may be displayed, never fails to command the homage of men. Even in Siberia the fact holds true. Cable dispatches inform us that the Governor of Yakutsk promptly gave orders to have the entire cairn in which are buried the bodies of Captain De Long and his party covered with a deep layer of earth, to prevent the possibility of the sun thawing them—an act which will be appreciated by all when it is remembered that the ground remains frozen on the Lena delta all the year round at a depth of two feet, so that the bodies will be preserved under this layer of earth, and can be removed later if desired. The Governor also caused a Russian inscription to be prepared and placed on the tomb, and gave orders that every care shall be taken to preserve the tomb and the monument in good condition.

PROVIDENCE and Nature are still kindly to our farming interest. Official returns from all the States and Territories indicate that the wheat crop is likely to be one of the largest ever garnered in the country; that the corn crop will be much larger than seemed possible two months ago; that the other cereals all promise a yield per acre above the average. In some States, as for instance in Nebraska, the crops are likely to be far ahead of any previous year. The area planted in corn is stated at 2,500,000 acres. In Ohio, Indiana and Illinois there has been a loss of acreage, but in all other States of any prominence in corn growing there is some increase. In the Gulf States the advance has been heavy, in obedience to the instinct of self-preservation, but the cold and wet weather and necessary replanting after the floods have operated to diminish the yield.

WE resume this week the publication of the interviews with Mr. Rufus Hatch, the Wall Street veteran, which attracted such general attention in our columns last Summer. It will be immediately apparent to even the casual reader that Mr. Hatch's position is materially changed from that of a year ago—in fact, it may be said to be exactly opposed; but his reasons for his conclusions are equally apparent, and are supported by both facts and good logic. The fulfillment of the predictions in Mr. Hatch's interviews of a year ago has been remarkable, and the records of the financial year are full of facts which demonstrate his sound judgment. The great merit of the opinions expressed in the interview, which will be found in full on another page of this paper, is that they are based upon a large fund of experience, carefully collected and original information, and are the fruit of honest dealing with the facts as they actually exist.

ONE of the most interesting co-operative experiments ever tried in this country is the Baltimore and Ohio Employes' Relief Association, which was inaugurated two years ago with a gift of \$100,000 from the railroad company, and receives annually about \$30,000 from the same source. As originally organized it furnished its members at cost with life insurance, relief and medical treatment in sickness and schooling for their children, and its obvious advantages soon induced a large proportion of the company's employes to join it and pay their share towards its support. The association has already paid out nearly \$300,000 for the benefit of its members, and its growing success has led to an extension of its scope, by the addition of savings-bank and building features. Not the least beneficial ele-

ment of such a movement is its tendency to promote good relations between employers and employed, and it is encouraging to learn that its success is already leading to the starting of similar enterprises by other rail roads.

ALTHOUGH it is over a year since Mr. Conkling dropped out of public life, there is still much curiosity as to the ex-Senator's political attitude. He recently made one of his infrequent visits to his Utica home, and his friends seized the occasion to tender him a serenade. Of course, he made a speech, but it was almost entirely local in its spirit and references. The only allusion to broader topics consisted in a recognition of the obvious fact that the old party issues have largely passed away, and a warning against the present tendency to lavish appropriations of the public money. So far as can be judged from this Utica utterance, Mr. Conkling is holding himself ready for a revision of party lines in the early future, but is inclined to wait for others to take the lead in bringing it about, which in the present temper of the public towards him is undoubtedly his wisest course.

WHILE Congress wastes millions on public buildings that are not needed and tens of millions on worse than useless appropriations for rivers and harbors, it neglects to provide sufficient funds for the National Board of Health, and that body has been forced to close all its stations along the line of emigrant travel between the Atlantic seaboard and the West, as well as along the Southern Atlantic and Gulf Coasts and in the Mississippi Valley. This will prevent further inspection of infected vessels from yellow fever ports, and will end that inspection of foreign immigrants bound from the Atlantic Coast to the Northwest which has repeatedly arrested the progress of smallpox and other diseases. The permanent suspension of this work might easily result in a terrible calamity, and it is to be hoped that Congress will not adjourn without providing ample funds to restore the service.

THE effort to enforce the new Sunday law in Cincinnati has practically failed, all the cases against saloon-keepers arrested for violating its provisions having been dismissed in the police court, last week, upon the request of the prosecuting attorney, who said that it was impossible to convict the defendants, and he was unwilling to put the city to an expense of from \$50 to \$100 for the purpose of trying each case. Thus the liquor interest and public prejudice nullify another statute for the preservation of the sanctity of the Christian Sabbath. It certainly would seem to be possible to frame a law on this subject capable of being enforced, but it is plain that the average legislator cannot be depended upon to do it. The failure of the Ohio law leaves the Republicans of the State in a peculiarly bad position, being denounced by the Germans on the one side for having passed it, and condemned by the temperance people on the other hand for having failed to make it so perfect as to defy all attempts to evade it.

THE Civil Service Reform Association continues its efforts to break up the abuse of so-called "voluntary" assessments of office-holders for the Republican campaign fund. Messrs. Everett P. Wheeler and Frederick W. Whitridge, its counsel, have sent another letter to Chairman Hubbell, of the Republican Congressional Committee, in which they expose the weakness of his recent communication to George William Curtis, and point out afresh the illegality of the assessment; and it is announced that the association will seek the indictment by United States grand juries of office holders who violate the law by making contributions. Meanwhile fresh evidence accumulates of the shamelessness with which these forced contributions are demanded of all classes in the public service. Boys of twelve and old men of eighty who receive a mere pittance for running errands or sweeping offices, are called upon for two per cent. of their petty wages, while so comprehensive is the drag-net that teachers, nurses and laborers in the Indian training school at Carlisle, Pa., have not escaped its meshes. It is encouraging to note a rapidly growing volume of public opinion against this whole system, and not a few Republican papers have been forced to confess that money thus extorted will lose the party more votes than it gains.

THE breach in the Republican party of Pennsylvania widens, and there now seems scarcely a possibility that it can be healed before election day. The Regular, or Cameron, State Committee, last week, formally submitted to the Independents various propositions for a compromise. Some of these propositions were a plausible appearance, but even the most generous, which was to join in a new convention chosen under the new rules, only vailed an attempt to secure a fresh nomination of General Beaver for Governor, upon which Senator Cameron has staked everything, by the preponderance which the machine would still hold in the choice of delegates. The Independents were fortunately shrewd enough to discern the real meaning of the Cameron proposition, and they have blocked the game very neatly by replying that they will only consent to a new convention on the entirely reasonable and proper condition that all the candidates on both the present tickets shall withdraw and pledge themselves to refuse a renomination. The Regulars ridicule such an idea, and both sides are therefore preparing to carry on the fight to the bitter end. The Independents frankly confess that they are ready to defeat their party in order to break the Cameron away, and a growing element among Republicans throughout the country appears to sympathize with their resolution.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

THE Tariff Commission is holding sessions at Long Branch.

It is thought that Congress will not adjourn before the middle of August.

THE River and Harbor Bill, as passed by the Senate, appropriated the enormous sum of \$20,247,575.

THE House has passed the Senate Bill granting an increase of pension to the widow of General George A. Custer.

THE number of business failures in the United States last week was 121, as against 109 for the preceding week.

PROFESSOR GEORGE W. ATHERTON, of Rutgers College, N. J., has accepted the Presidency of the Pennsylvania State College.

GENERAL GEORGE CROOK has been transferred from the Department of the Platte to the command of the Department of Arizona.

A CONVENTION of delegates in favor of using dynamite in order to obtain Irish independence will meet in Chicago next month.

THE Readjuster School Board of Petersburg, Va., has elected colored teachers for the colored public schools for the first time in the city's history.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT's new yacht *Namouna*, bearing the owner and a party of friends, arrived at Constantinople on July 12th, after a pleasant passage.

A NEW memorial hall at Bowdoin College has been dedicated to the memory of the students of that seat of learning who lost their lives in the war of the rebellion.

ENOUGH arsenic to poison a dozen men has been found in the bouquet which was sent to Giteau just before he was hanged. Mrs. Scoville denies that she sent the bouquet.

THE Senate has passed the House resolution appropriating \$50,000 to enable the United States to participate in the International Fish Exhibition at London next May.

THE Virginia Democratic State Committee has decided not to nominate a candidate for Congressman-at-Large. This indicates that ex-Auditor Massey is to be supported by the Democrats.

THE National Division Sons of Temperance, at its annual session at Concord, N. H., last week, took steps looking to more thorough co-operation in the work of procuring prohibitory legislation.

It is reported that a number of Americans who went across the Rio Grande into Mexico, ostensibly for the purpose of hunting up lost stock, had been captured by the Mexican authorities, thrown into prison and even whipped.

THE House has passed a resolution to pay Mrs. Garfield the balance of her husband's salary for the year ending March 3d, and, after an unseemly wrangle, has disagreed to the Senate proposition appropriating \$57,500 for the expenses of his illness, which sends the matter to a conference committee.

THE United States steamship *Brooklyn*, which was newly coppered at the Brooklyn navy-yard a year ago, has arrived at Rio Janeiro with the copper so thoroughly corroded that Rear-Admiral Crosby telegraphed the Washington authorities for permission to have the work all done over again.

THE Washington Grand Jury, which was reconvened to hear further testimony about the Star Route frauds, found no new indictments, and has been dismissed. Part of the cases are to be submitted to arbitration, by which it is expected that the Government will recover about \$150,000 without litigation.

THE President has issued an order abolishing the Military Department of West Point and putting the Military Academy there under the charge of the General of the Army. General O. O. Howard, now superintendent, is assigned to the command of the Department of the Platte, and Colonel Wesley Merritt will perform the superintendent's duties.

THE strike in the Pittsburgh iron district still continues, and the prospects of an early settlement are not encouraging. The iron-workers' strike at St. Louis has ended in a compromise. In this city the striking freight-handlers still hold out. In Jersey City there have been one or two serious conflicts between the Italians employed by the railway companies and gangs of "hoodlums" who sympathize with the strikers.

SEVERAL serious disasters occurred in different States last week. A premature blast at Milton, N. Y., on the West Shore Railroad, killed three laborers and wounded nine. A fall of rock in a mine at Excelsior Station, Pa., killed George Harper, a well-known contractor, and two friends who were with him examining the work on a new slope. During a violent storm at Texarkana lightning struck a large building, which fell in a mass on a saloon crowded with men, and the ruins caught fire. Twenty-nine dead bodies were soon recovered, and others were known to be still buried.

GENERAL BARRIOS, President of the Republic of Guatemala, arrived at New Orleans, July 10th, on a visit to this country, and after spending a couple of days in that city, during which he was tendered a reception and banquet, left for New York and Washington. He comes to seek the influence and protection of this Government in the disputed boundary question, which has long threatened war between his country and Mexico, and to ask the aid of the United States in the attempt to bring about a consolidation of the five Central American States into a single republic.

##### Foreign.

THE anniversary of the taking of the Bastille was celebrated throughout France with great enthusiasm on July 14th.

THE new Hotel de Ville in Paris, replacing the edifice which the communists destroyed in 1871, was formally opened on July 13th with a banquet which was attended by President Grévy and many other prominent men.

MR. HENRY E. ARBRY, the theatrical manager, who sailed from Liverpool for New York, last week, brings with him contracts with Mma. Nilsson, Henry Irving and Mrs. Langtry, and a lease of the Lyceum Theatre, of London, for 1883.

SEVERAL extraordinary miracles are reported to have occurred at the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, P. Q., by which the deaf, blind and lame were instantly cured of their infirmities. Hundreds of pilgrims are resorting to the various celebrated shrines in the province, including many Americans.

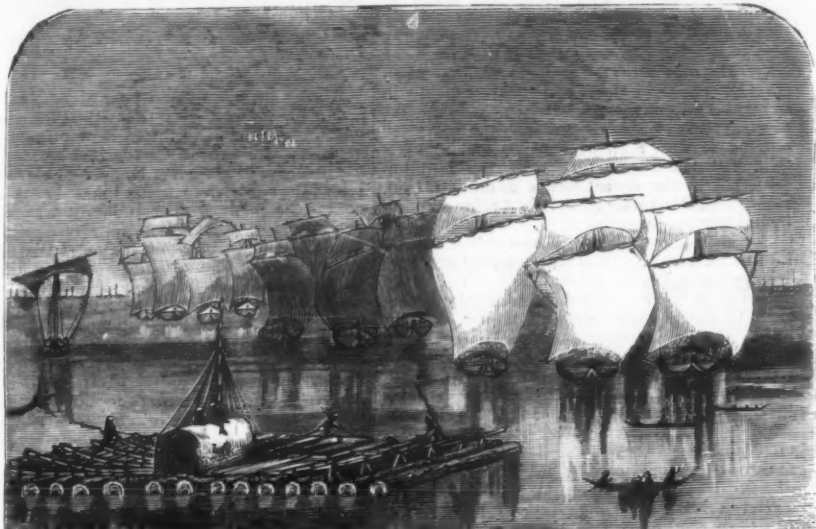
It is officially stated that all the Americans in Alexandria, Egypt, took refuge on shipboard before the bombardment began. There has been, during the troubles of the last month, some destruction of property belonging to Americans in that city, but no loss of life among them, so far as the State Department has been able to ascertain.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 343.



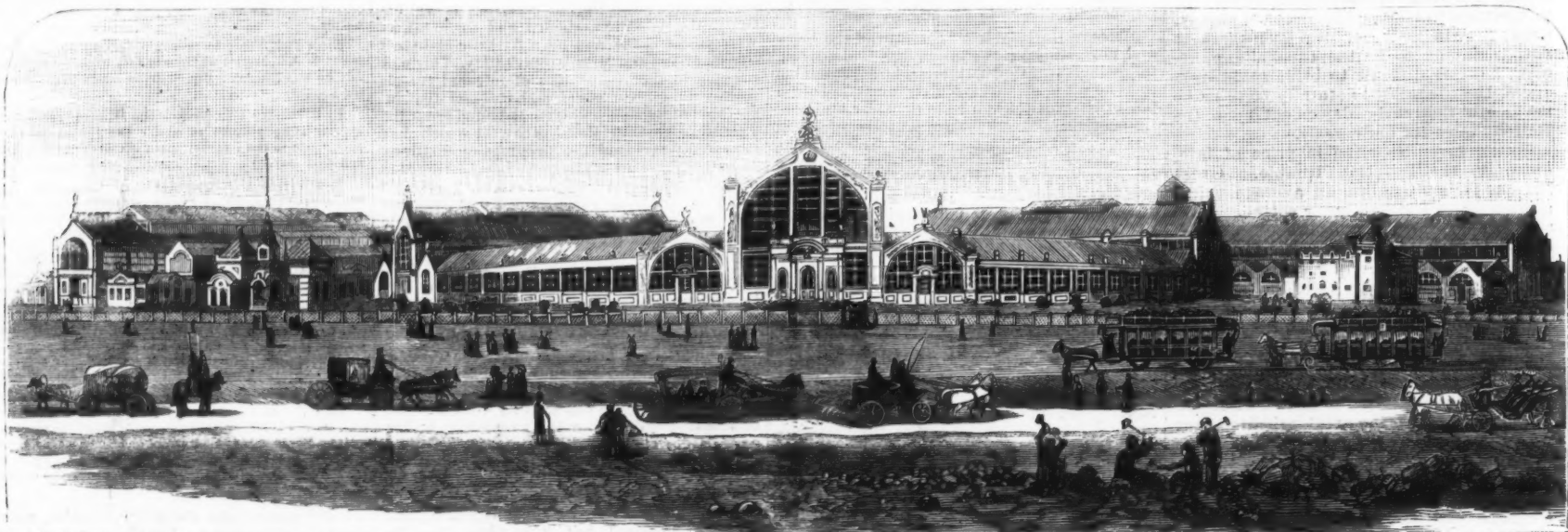
SARDAR AFZAL KHAN, NEW BRITISH ENVOY AT CABUL.



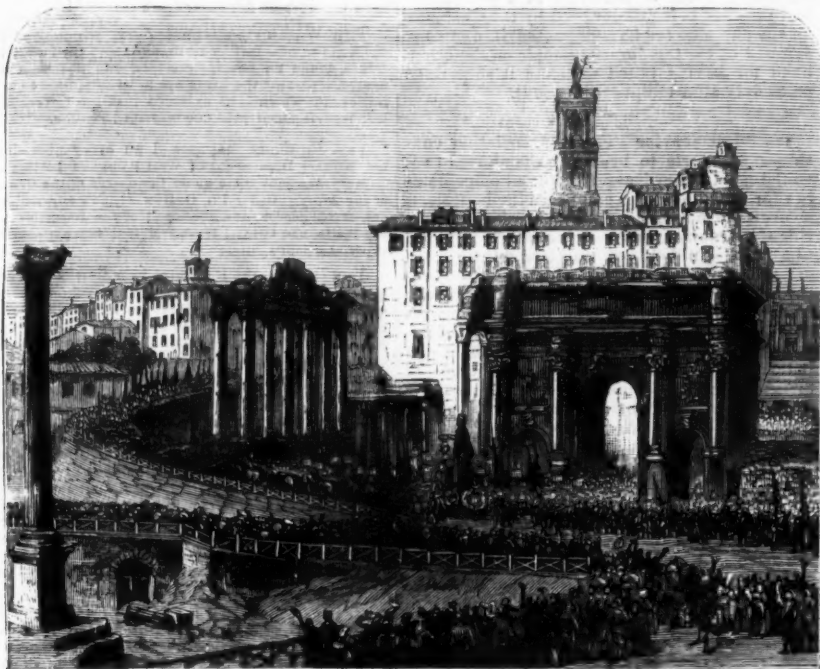
INDIA.—OPIUM FLEET DESCENDING THE GANGES, ON THE WAY TO CALCUTTA.



DR. CRÉVAUX, CHIEF OF THE FRENCH EXPEDITION TO PARAGUAY.



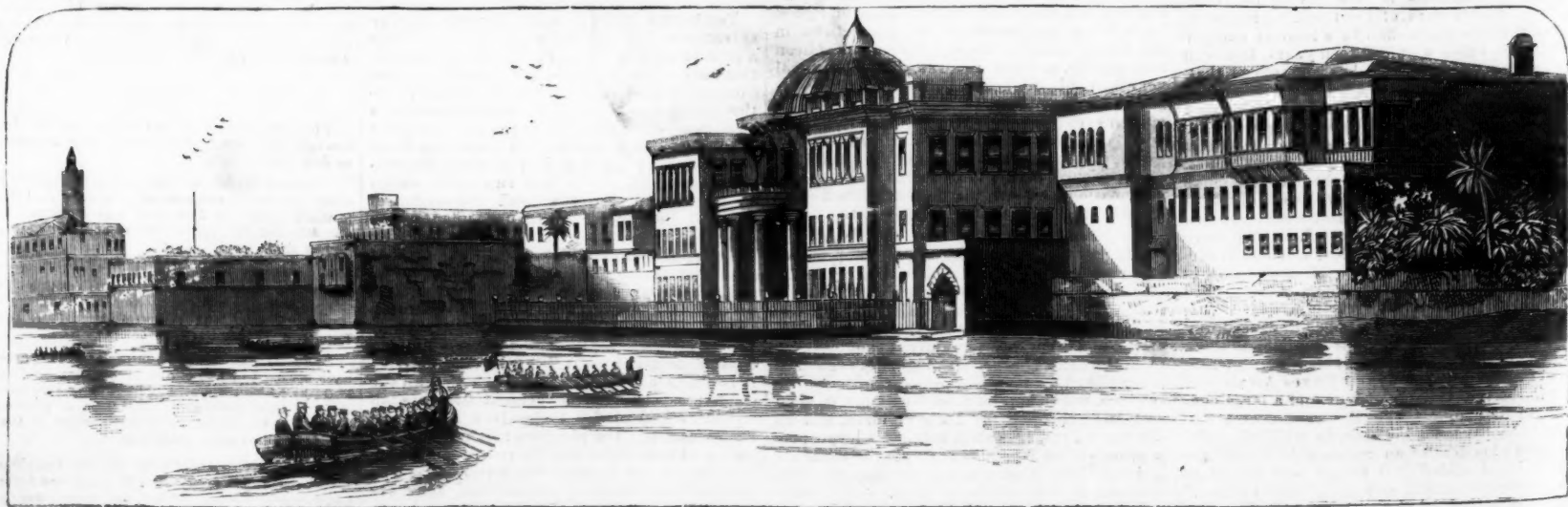
RUSSIA.—THE BUILDING OF THE RECENTLY-INAUGURATED NATIONAL EXPOSITION IN MOSCOW.



ITALY.—PROCESSION CONVEYING A BUST OF GARIBALDI TO THE CAPITOL AT ROME.

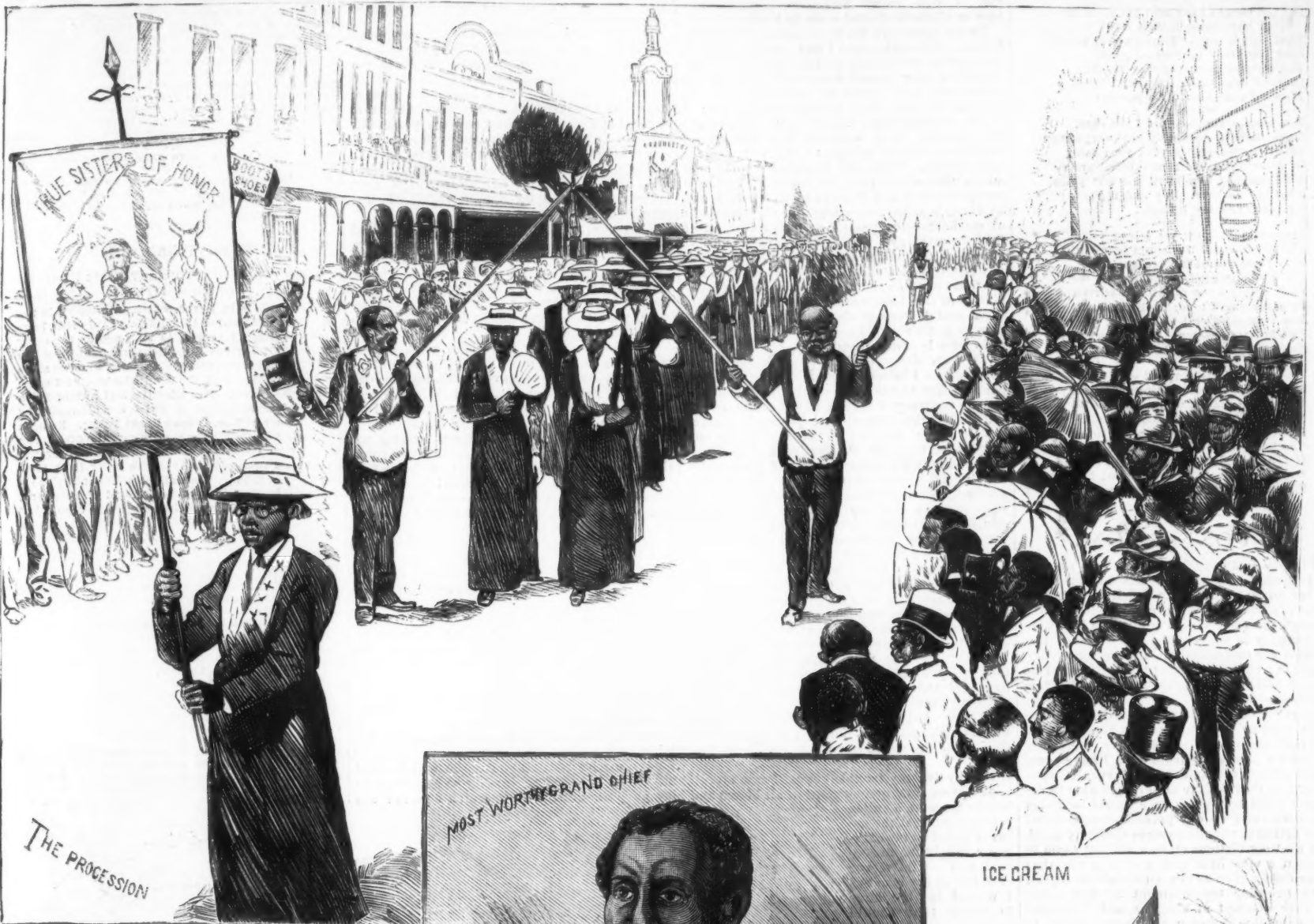


ENGLAND.—STUDY OF THE LATE CHARLES DARWIN, IN HIS RESIDENCE AT DOWN, KENT.



THE CRISIS IN EGYPT.—THE RAS-EL-TIN PALACE AT ALEXANDRIA, PARTIALLY DESTROYED BY THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE BRITISH FLEET.





GEORGIA.—FESTIVAL OF THE "TRUE SISTERS OF HONOR AND BROTHERS OF AID," A SOCIETY OF COLORED MEN AND WOMEN, AT GRIFFIN, JULY 4TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY MOSER.—SEE PAGE 342.



## A LOVER'S DIARY.

YOU cannot hear me; yet each day I have some foolish word to say that will be said. I dream and brood over the sweet half-tasted good, the blessing, scarcely understood, of your dear being. Sweet, I know no song but one—I love you so!

You cannot know—you do not care, what thought goes with me everywhere; Sweet sudden glimpses of your face, Or gleams of some remembered grace, Like dropped flowers in a desert place, Meet me for ever. Day and night My memories are infinite!

I cannot hear you; yet I lean And listen down the hours between This present and the present past, For your kind voice, and hold it fast! Each empty hour of mine is stirred By some sweet tone; no little word You ever said, or I e'er heard, Has fallen forgotten. When you know Some day, love, it will touch you so!

You cannot hear me; yet each day Brings the new speech I fain would say; I keep the diary line by line, And every fair, fond thought of mine, And every lingering dream, is thine. One burden throbs there all the while; If you should hear it, would you smile And think me dull? Ah, sweet! I know No song but this—I love you so!

G. A. DAVIS.

## A CONFESSION.

I THINK I always have been and am still regarded as a little queer. I can remember, in fact, that in my childhood I not infrequently heard myself pronounced such, and although the good breeding of those by whom my maturity is surrounded has softened this doubtful characterization into the more complimentary charge of eccentricity, I am at no pains to believe that opinions as to the fact remain unchanged.

For years, indeed, I have been led to share in this conclusion myself for no better reason than that the events of life have uniformly affected me differently from what I have come to understand as their natural results upon others, and that I have never been able to determine what my own course would be under given conditions by any precedent established by the action of normal natures similarly tried.

My first convictions on this subject came to me when a very little girl, and in a way that will probably give as fair an insight in regard to my peculiar temperament as any more elaborate attempt at analysis, and happened upon a bright summer afternoon, when, to escape a convocation of chattering old ladies gathered in my mother's parlor, I wandered out into one of the fields from which the harvesters had just taken the last sheaf of golden grain. After having climbed upon the fence and broken for myself a branch of ripe, red choke-cherries, of which I was singularly fond, I threw myself down upon the grassy bank under the flickering shadows of the fruit tree. I could not have been very long lying there, slowly devouring my pucker treat and dreaming the vague, wide-eyed dreams of childhood, when something shining and beautiful slipped out of the scraggly fence into the sunlight and slipped along in graceful, sinuous waves through the grass. Nothing so beautiful had ever crossed my vision as this living silken ribbon, all striped in green and gold. In an instant I dropped my cherries, and, darting forward, seized the pretty thing in my bare hand. How cool and pleasant it seemed to my touch, but I now saw that it had a head round and glistening as a new copper cent, and as it turned and tried to reach my hand, making a pleasant hissing noise. I took fast hold just back of this shining sphere, and, forgetting everything in the ecstasy of my strange, new, fascinating possession, I ran away to the house as fast as my immature legs would carry me, wondering just a little why this handsome thing should twist so in my fingers since I was careful to carry it as gently as seemed consistent with its safe conduct to my mother.

It is needless to speak of the consternation my appearance in the parlor with my hands thus filled occasioned, and it was when I was made to understand the aversion of the whole human race to the serpent family in general, that I began to apprehend a difference between myself and my species, since that which excited so much horror in others continued always an object of admiration to me.

As I grew to girlhood certain male instincts of policy so developed within me as to enable me to see how much of my peculiar nature must be suppressed, and how much should be allowed to appear to make me agreeable as a companion and admired beyond the commonplace of my sex.

In short, I learned early that all the world loves that which gives pleasure and without exactly meaning to be a hypocrite. I was most particular to keep well out of sight all those qualities calculated to shock or repel those with whom I came in contact, and as heaven had vouchsafed me, for good or ill, a face and figure replete with a nameless fascination, if not with actual beauty, I had no reason to complain of any secondary award of popularity in the society which I frequented.

Indeed, I think that between the age of eighteen and twenty-two, no young woman was ever more courted, and while adoration was something upon which I fed, as gods upon ambrosia, nothing within my own heart stirred in response to the sentiment which day and night I labored to inspire, until sitting alone one day at my window, I saw a face pass through the crowded street that in a twinkling brought me to know the capabilities of my passionate nature, and I said, in my heart,

as the vision faded into distance: "This is fate; I will marry that man though every human obstacle should seem to forbid it!"

These things are not to be accounted for by human philosophy, and I had in this moment seen a true revelation of my own destiny, although a year passed before this face, which never once faded from my vivid fancy, again crossed the disk of my physical vision.

Of our courtship I cannot write. There are two periods in a woman's life the sacred secrets of which belong to the participator and heaven. They are bounded by the moments that encompass the beginning of love's comprehension and the eve of its fruition, and by those that halt breathless on the threshold of motherhood to preside at the fulfillment of its holy mystery. Those who have lived will read with the pulses the volume of silence that is written in this ellipsis, and to those who are content only to exist there will be enough declared in the bare announcement that Hollis Weld and I were in due course married, becoming as thoroughly man and wife as in God's ordinance is comprehended.

We were dangerously happy. I assert this not because I believe happiness a condition of peril either to the soul or spirit of mortals. On the contrary, I hold it in my confession of faith that the mental and physical content which leaves nothing to be desired in our earthly state is productive of a disposition that evil may not contaminate, and from which the whole divine outpouring of charity and goodwill towards man must spring. Yet, it still remains that my husband and I were dangerously happy, because, in the exquisite pre-occupation in which this happiness absorbed us, we lost sight of all save unity, and in our separate individualities remained unknown to each other, until there came a time when nature relegated me to the sanctuary of my own chamber, and there in the hours when of a necessity left to my own reflections, I came to understand that the eyes that had wrought for me the fetters of a lifetime, though loyal and true as eyes of man might be, had still that power to spell the inclination upon which woman's future hinges—that they still saw beauty where beauty was, and understanding this I learned a lesson that tinged all my solitude with a purple hue of agony.

Day by day my trouble grew. I saw myself losing grace, and growing out of all bloom and loveliness with a sullen resentment that the natural policy of my character taught me to conceal, and a wild terror clutched at my heart as I waited for the hour to come that should bring to me the first intimation that in my husband's eyes I had changed.

Understand, never once in all this time did a single doubt of my husband penetrate my mind, but having been to him the most beautiful of all God's creatures I found the thought intolerable that ever the moment should come when I, having in the alembic of nature been divested of my natural heritage in symmetry and tone, should furnish forth a contrast by which another woman should stand above me in the supreme judgment of the eyes that were the lamps of my existence.

As this thought grew and strengthened within me, I began to reflect upon this great problem of marital happiness. How short of life it seemed—change, perpetual change, seemed written against it upon the book of Time, and, with all my powers of speculation, I looked about me for its cause.

Man in his maturity impressed me as the creature of a settled habit rather than the shuttlecock of temperament. Observation revealed to me the secret of aged folly. Our ideals have always youth and freshness, and as we leave these coveted qualities behind us in the race of life, their glories grow more bright—the disappointments their enmeshment leaves behind become more cruel in their sting.

A woman may and frequently does come to revere and love most devotedly a man much her senior in the circumstance of age, because it is in the nature of woman to do homage to that which is wise, and kind, and strong. Indeed women seldom love through their eyes, since they have that within them that will beautify whatever appeals to their generosity or commands their respect, however inharmonious its outward seeming.

Of men this may not be said. It is that which is pleasing—that which conveys the highest form of gratification to their external senses that first enchains those emotions which lead to the desire of possession, and the final greed of the dominant and absorbing elements, and that which contributes to their pride that develops loyalty in an otherwise self-sufficient organism.

Arguing thus, I came to see that it is to youth, at least, that man gives his heart, and it is the image—the idealization of that to which his affection is first attached, that he goes on loving all his life.

If he be an honorable man, I reflected, sadly, it is to his children he transfers this ardor and pride; if he be unstable of soul, the wife, who is changing under the finger of Time and fading out of semblance to the creature of his mind, must learn how to yield her place or how to die, because it is youth that wins and

holds man's heart, however vanity may mislead those of us who have outlived our time, yet maintain faith.

God knows I had never been strong enough to encounter the inevitable thus spread out before me by my intelligence. I could not consent ever to hold other than the position that now was mine in my husband's eyes or heart; and to avoid this dreaded future that seemed to menace me was now my possessing thought by day and my dream by night.

At last an avenue of escape opened itself to my intelligence, and my whole being throbbled with the ecstasy of relief which hope, nay, certainty, built upon the downfall of this terrible dread brought to me.

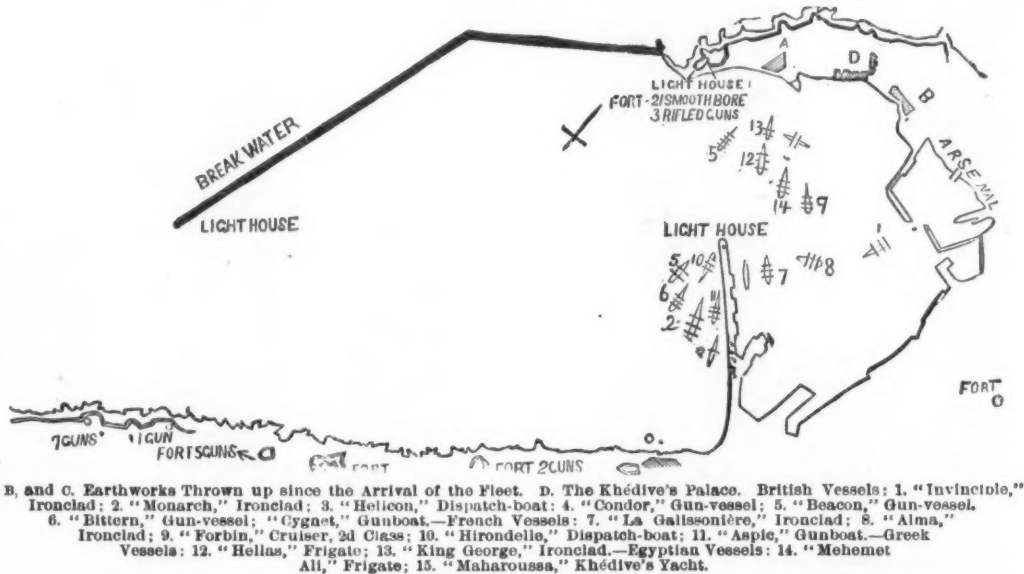
This was my plan. When my husband had come to know the features of his first-born, when I, his wife, once more restored to my natural self, should have become fastened in his memory a creature of life, light and joy, then should sight vanish from his eyes for ever, that Time itself might be powerless to touch our happiness.

Heaven alone may know the wild, uncontrollable joy that now filled my existence. With nothing to fear, save death, the terrors of which had never yet laid hold upon me, the year that followed was one that showed no cloud in my domestic sky; and often and often, as I lay upon my husband's heart looking up into his dear eyes, I thought with rapture of the time to come when I should be shrined in their depths, pictured in eternal youth and beauty, and of the long years thereafter through which I should be all in all to him to whom my life and love were wholly dedicated.

At length the time for which I had waited and longed drew on. My pretty boy was six months old, and in all my life I had never been so radiantly beautiful, because never before so divinely happy.

There was but one drawback to my most perfect satisfaction, and that the irritation incident to a secret held for ever from the beloved of my life. But in this I had no weakness. All the natural diplomacy with which I had been endowed laid me under saving restraints in this direction, and to heaven alone I gave confidence.

So completely had I thought out every detail of my undertaking, that from the moment I gave my husband the coffee in which I had mixed the profoundest slumber so necessary to my purpose until that in which I placed the



PLAN OF ALEXANDRIA HARBOR, SHOWING INNER FORTIFICATIONS AND POSITION OF FOREIGN SHIPS OF WAR BEFORE THE LATE BOMBARDMENT.

moist, soft sponge upon his eyelids and adjusting the battery, set its lightning in motion, did I hesitate or make one false move.

And I was certain of my success, even before my husband, leaping under the shock from his enforced sleep, and grasping my hands in his chilled and nervous clutch, shrieked: "Look to the child, darling; the house is on fire!" Unsuspected I cleared the evidences of my work quietly away, and then, striving to command the wild exultation that struggled to have its will with my features, I aroused my household, dispatched a servant for the physician, meantime devoting my whole soul to administering to the ease of him whose happiness I had now secured by means more sure than other wife had ever dreamed of.

And this was years ago. The mystery of my husband's blindness is still a theme upon which the medical fraternity love to linger, but to us it has almost ceased to be a matter of consideration, because we two are as of one heart, one intelligence, one life that separate avenues of impressions were superfluous endowments; and while the wise world, looking on sometimes in enumerating the blessings that crown Hollis Weld's darkened pathway, breathes an atmosphere of pity around his wife, I laugh, because I know no woman save one whose husband's heart has never faltered in its allegiance, whose fidelity is steadfast as God's providence, whose fancy has never wandered, and that woman's husband is blind.

## "THE TRUE SISTERS OF HONOR."

ONE of the most encouraging signs for the future of the colored race in the South is the organization of societies for the mutual care and improvement of members. This development of the freedmen is, perhaps, most marked in Georgia, where indeed the condition of the former slaves shows marked improvement in every direction. The most notable colored society in the State is that called "The True Sisters of Honor and Brothers of Aid," which held its thirteenth anniversary in a grove near Griffin on the Fourth of July. This

society, of which Washington Kyer is the worthy Grand Chief, was organized in 1869, for the purpose of relieving members in sickness, caring for their families in case of death, and succoring them in misfortune of any sort. It soon became thoroughly established, and is now in a prosperous condition, owning a fine two-story brick building and numbering the best colored people in the city among its members. Branch societies have been established in Atlanta, Brownsville and other places, but the parent organization still remains the strongest colored society in the State, having about 200 members on its rolls. The celebration on the Fourth passed off very pleasantly. A society of the same order from Atlanta were present as guests, and after listening to a sermon by Rev. Robert T. Kent in the Baptist Church, the members marched out to the picnic grounds, where they had a good dinner and a fine time generally. We illustrate the event on page 341.

## THE EGYPTIAN CRISIS.

ITS ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT—THE PROGRESS OF HOSTILITIES.

THE troubles in Egypt, which culminated in the bombardment of Alexandria on July 11th, have been brewing for years. As long ago as the early part of 1881 serious discontent was manifested in the Egyptian army, and Arabi Pasha, who has since become the leader of the revolutionists, first came into prominence. The Khédive had authorized a reform of the army system, which was attempted by the Minister of War, Osman Reski Pasha. Being a Circassian himself, he naturally gave the preference to his own countrymen and the Turks over the Arabs, and removed many of the latter from positions of command. The native soldiers at Cairo resented this treatment, and on the 2d of February, 1881, mutinied. They petitioned for the removal of Osman, and sent three colonels, one of whom was Arabi Pasha, to bear this petition to the Khédive. The messengers were placed under arrest, but the guards released them, chased away the obnoxious Minister, and made so threatening a demonstration when the Khédive refused to submit that he finally yielded, and appointed Mahmoud Baroudi Pasha as Minister of War.

Arabi was quick to seize his opportunity, and soon became a popular hero. He gave his chief care to the army, bettering the condition of the soldiers, and when, on the 9th of September, 1881, Riaz Pasha, the President of the Council, proposed to transfer Arabi's regiment from Cairo to Alexandria, Arabi was strong enough to proceed in arms to the palace and demand the dismissal of the Ministry, a Constitution and the increase of the army to 18,000 men, adding: "If you refuse, we have your successor ready." The Khédive yielded without a contest, and agreed to form a new Ministry with Cherif Pasha, who was most obnoxious to the foreign bondholders, at its head. Arabi himself became Minister of War and controlling spirit of the Government, while the other portfolios were taken by

men of his party, which he styled the National Party, and whose chief object was to expel Europeans from office and even from the country. A reform in the general government was effected, the most notable feature being the formation of an Assembly of Notables, composed of leading men of the various provinces. This body was convened on the 26th of December, 1881, and proposed to establish the principle of ministerial responsibility, to allow no legislation or taxation without its consent (while confirming the inviolability of Egypt's financial and international engagements), and to form a Council of State to prepare new laws and settle all claims. England and France had been watching the progress of events with anxiety because of the large interests which their subjects had as holders of Egyptian bonds, and on the 8th of January last they united in a joint note to the Khédive informing him that the two Governments "consider the maintenance of His Highness on the throne under the conditions sanctioned by successive firmans of the Porte, and which they have officially accepted, as being at present and in the future the only possible guarantee for the maintenance of order and the development of the general prosperity of the country." This, however, had no effect on the Notables, and on the 2d of February Cherif Pasha resigned, declining to sign the draft of the organic law prepared by the Notables. Under the pressure of Arabi and the military, the Chamber indicated Mahmoud Baroudi to the Khédive as the new President of the Council.

The next important event, and the one which ultimately produced the present crisis, was the discovery about three months ago of a pretended conspiracy among the Circassian officers in the army against Arabi. They were charged with conspiring to take his life, and were tried before a court-martial of his friends, who sentenced Osman Reski and forty others to be degraded and sent to the extreme Soudan region, where the climate is so unhealthy that few exiles ever return. A similar sentence was pronounced against Rafik Pasha, who had followed the ex-Khédive to Europe, while Ismail Pasha was branded as the instigator of the plot against Arabi, and the Government was instructed to cease paying his civil list. The Khédive, acting by order of the Sultan, refused his sanction to the sentence, and commuted the punishment to a mere exile out of Egypt. Arabi and his party protested against this act, and a pronouncement was issued in Cairo. The Khédive was informed by Arabi, on the 10th of May, that he would be deposed if he persisted in refusing his sanction. In consequence of these threats and the danger to public order, the Consuls general of England and France telegraphed to their Governments for ships of war to sustain the authority of the Khédive. Mean-



while Arabi had decided to convoke the Chamber of Notables and depose the Khédive, but they refused to assemble unless conconvoked by the Khédive himself. English and French ironclads soon arrived in the waters of Alexandria, and the Consul-general, believing themselves sufficiently supported, presented an ultimatum to the Khédive, demanding Arabi's deposition as Minister of War and his exile for one year from Egypt; the other colonels to go in garrison in Upper Egypt. After some demur Arabi resigned and a new ministry was formed, with Cherif Pasha at the head, but the very next day the army forced the Khédive to re-instate Arabi as Minister of War and virtual head of the Government.

England and France now sought to have the Porte restore order, and a Turkish Commissioner, Der-vish Pasha, was sent to Alexandria early in June, but he did not succeed in accomplishing anything. Within three days of his arrival, on Sunday, June 11th, a terrible riot occurred in Alexandria, with the apparent connivance of the military, in which scores of Europeans were massacred. Since then a state of anarchy has prevailed. The Khédive has wielded practically no authority, while Arabi grew daily more insolent and dictatorial. The great powers of Europe finally convened a conference at Constantinople with a view of securing, if possible, a satisfactory settlement, but the meeting was delayed by futile attempts to secure the co-operation of the Porte, and after it was decided to proceed without a representative of Turkey, little was accomplished. Meanwhile Arabi had taken fresh courage from the delay and hesitation of the Europeans. He proceeded to strengthen the fortifications of Alexandria, and continued this work even after he had been warned that the British fleet would open fire unless he stopped.

The British fleet was stationed in the western of the two harbors of Alexandria, which is known as the Old Port, the one on the eastern side being called the New Port. The latter is much the smaller of the two, with a foul and rocky bottom, and is much more exposed. The Old Port is a commodious harbor, and is provided with a breakwater, a jetty, light-houses and quays. The British fleet consisted of eight monster ironclads—the *Alexandra*, *Infatigable*, *Téméraire*, *Superb*, *Monarch*, *Invincible*, *Sultan* and *Penelope*, having a displacement ranging from 3,394 to 11,466 tons, the latter being in the case of the *Invincible*. They are protected by armor-plates which in some instances reach a thickness of twenty-four inches, and carry sixty-six guns, a combined broad-side from which would send a weight of fifteen and three-quarter tons of iron.

The bombardment began at seven o'clock in the morning of July 11th, at which hour, the ultimatum that the forts should be given up for disarmament not having been complied with, Admiral Seymour gave the order to open fire upon the fortifications. The engagement began by the concerted fire of the ironclads *Superb*, *Sultan* and *Alexandra* upon Fort Pharos and the batteries in the vicinity of the light-house, which are at the entrance of the New Port, and were intended to guard the approach to the inner harbor. The heavy shot from the ironclads soon began to do terrible execution on the poorly constructed fortifications, and after about two hours of hot firing on the part of the Englishmen the top of the tower of Fort Pharos was carried away by a well-directed shot, and the guns of that fortification ceased to respond. The Light-house batteries were silenced soon after, and totally destroyed. Soon after nine o'clock a great explosion occurred, which was heard even above the din of the great guns of the ironclads, and when the smoke had partially cleared away, it was found that Fort Marsa-el-Kanat had been blown up. By noon the forts upon which the *Superb*, *Sultan* and *Alexandra* had been operating were all silenced.

In the meantime, while this battle had been raging in the Outer Harbor, the flagship *Invincible*, the *Monarch* and the *Penelope*, had taken up commanding positions inside the reefs, and, assisted by the *Téméraire* from the outside, had attacked with destructive effect the strong position of Fort Mex and the shore batteries. While this bombardment was in progress, the gunboats *Bittern*, *Condor*, *Beacon*, *Decoy* and *Cyanet* attacked the Marabout batteries at the entrance to the harbor, and running up to a close range, poured such a destructive shower of shot and shell into them that they were silenced within an hour, their last gun being fired at 11:40. Having accomplished this, the gunboats ran down on the southern side of the entrance to the anchor- age or the Outer Harbor and began shelling Fort Mex. The *Invincible*, under cover of her own guns and those of the *Bittern*, succeeded in landing a party of marines and blue-jackets, who entered the fort and blew up the heavy guns with dynamite. This occurred about noon, and practically ended the bombardment for the day, although some heavy guns were continued at the work of shelling Fort Napoleon, a large work at the southern angle of the inner harbor, which covers the city, until 6:50 at night.

No serious damage was done to any of the vessels, and the list of casualties only amounted to five killed and twenty-seven wounded. The Egyptians surprised their assailants by the courage which they displayed, standing to their guns until the forts were crumbling beneath the heavy shots poured upon them. Their loss of life was very heavy, not only among the soldiers who manned the fortifications, but among the townsfolk, one estimate placing it as high as 2,000. Great damage was done to the city by the bombardment. A portion of the Ras-el-Tin palace was laid in ruins during the attack on Fort Mex, and the barracks, houses and windmills around the fort were shattered, while the lighthouse was struck so often that it was momentarily expected to fall.

The bombardment was not resumed on the morning of the 12th, as the sea was too heavy for serious operations. About half-past ten, however, parties of Egyptian soldiers were discovered at work on the hospital battery near Fort Ada, and the *Téméraire* and *Infatigable* opened fire upon them, soon putting them to flight. Not long after a flag of truce was hoisted, but when an English officer was sent to see what it meant, he found that the Egyptians were not ready to surrender, and had evidently only resorted to the device to gain time and get some of their men out of a dangerous position. At five P. M. the *Invincible* fired a shot at Fort Mex, and soon after a white flag was again hoisted, but it led to no better result than the previous one. During the day fires were observed to be breaking out all over the city, and the conflagration increased in extent as night came on. The fires were so numerous that it was suspected they were incendiary, and this was proved to be the fact when on July 13th the British forces, finding no signs of life, cautiously landed and discovered that Arabi and his followers had evacuated the city, after having done their best to destroy it. At first it seemed as though the entire population had disappeared, and no Europeans were to be seen, although many were known to be left in the city when the bombardment began. A party of about one hundred, however, were at last discovered, who had intrenched themselves in the Ottoman Bank building, and with difficulty kept the mob from firing it. They reported that the whole city had been given over to riot and plunder during the night, the prisoners having been released from the jails and allowed to wreak their vengeance upon Europeans, many of whom were put to death in the most shocking manner. The grand square was found to be in ruins, and the condition of the whole city was most distressing.

Investigation showed that Arabi had been completely successful in his trick for hiding his retreat under the flag of truce, while he had also employed the time thus gained to destroy the European quarter, and permit the massacre of foreigners. Not only were the criminals in prison let loose, but the soldiers were allowed to aid the convicts and Bedouins in the outrages. The survivors tell shocking stories of the last twenty-four hours before the English landed. Despite the numerous warnings they had received, several hundred Europeans, chiefly Greeks and Italians, had not fled the city before the cannonade. When the rioting began they barricaded

themselves in their houses, and in the banks, Consulates, and other buildings around the Grand Square. The mob attacked the houses, battering in the doors and setting fire to the buildings. Men, women and children who fell into their hands were killed, after being mutilated and treated in the most barbarous manner. The hands and feet of the unfortunates were in many instances tied, so that they were powerless to make an effort to save themselves, and then they were cast into the burning buildings to be roasted alive. Almost the entire European quarter of the city was destroyed by the fires which the mob started.

It was at first feared that the Khédive had perished, but in the afternoon he was found to be safe, although he had had a narrow escape. When the firing began he took refuge with Dervish Pasha in the Ramleh Palace, and on the morning after the bombardment Arabi suddenly ordered a detachment of soldiers to surround the palace. Arabi first declared that the soldiers were only meant for the protection of the Khédive, but at the last moment he actually told the men to kill the Khédive. After long parleying, however, the Khédive bought over the soldiers by liberal offers of money, and they escorted him to the Ras-el-Tin Palace, where the British forces assured him protection. Attempts were then made to re-establish his authority, and a proclamation was issued in his name calling upon all soldiers to leave their regiments and go home.

Arabi's movements after leaving the city were not definitely known for some time. The most probable story represents him as having fled in a boat by the canal, after being deserted by many of his troops. Among the reports which prevailed was one that he was moving rapidly on Cairo, where he will make a stand, expecting to rally an enormous army to his support by raising the standard of a holy war, and that El Medhi, the False Prophet, is marching from the Soudan, followed by a vast throng of believers, to join forces with Arabi. A portion of the English fleet was sent to Fort Said, to protect the Suez Canal.

#### A NEW STYLE OF OCEAN STEAMERS.

THE dome steamer *Meteor*, now in course of construction at the yard of Mr. James E. Smith, at Nyack-on-the-Hudson, is unlike any ocean steamer ever before built, and is intended to fulfill all the requirements of inter-oceanic travel. The interest felt in this new departure in steamship architecture is naturally out of the common, and is shown by the fact that, since her keel was laid last March, hundreds of people from all parts of the country have visited Nyack to inspect the vessel and her peculiar features of construction. For the benefit of the public at large we append a description of her: Length over all, 156 feet; length at wood ends, 151 feet 6 inches; extreme beam, 21 feet 6 inches; length at water line, 132 feet 6 inches; length on keel, 125 feet 6 inches; depth of hold, 16 feet 6 inches; draught of water forward, 8 feet; draught of water aft 11 feet; overhang forward, 10 feet; overhang aft, 11 feet; tonnage, carpenter's measurement, 512 33-100. Without doubt the *Meteor* is the strongest vessel of her size ever built, and in this respect alone she differs materially from the old-style vessels, manifestly to her advantage. She is built of white oak, locust, hackmatack, ash and hard pine. Her keels and keelsons are solid from stem to stern, 18 inches in width by 5 feet in depth, firmly bolted together. Her stern-post extends back 10 feet of solid wood, and her dead woods aft are 22 feet long, through which the shaft passes. All her timbers commence at the keel, running up with a dead rise of 7½ inches to the foot, to three feet above the water line, thence in the form of a quarter circle to a point about one-fourth of her width, then in an elliptical form or gentle rise to the centre of the dome deck, and thence back to the keel again in the same manner, thus forming an unbroken hoop of every frame. The elements of strength which this form of frame possesses must be obvious to every one at all conversant with ship-building. In addition to her dome deck the *Meteor* will have a main or spar deck 8 feet below her dome deck, as strong as it is possible to make it; firmly braced with longitudinal and hanging knees tying her together; another element of strength is three longitudinal frames on each side, beginning at her keelsons at her stern, extending up to the turn of her bilgers above the spar deck and thence back again to her keelsons near her dead wood aft in the form of a rainbow, crossing every frame, and being firmly bolted to them. Her planking is of hard pine and white oak 3½ inches thick; her ceiling is of yellow pine 2½ inches thick, the whole firmly fastened with galvanized iron spike bolts and locust-tree nails. Her interior finish will be in hard-wood, polished; her saloon, state-rooms, officers' quarters, etc., will be finished and fitted up in the very best manner, both with regard to beauty and comfort. Nothing will be seen above her deck except the pilot-house and smoke-stacks. No one need be exposed on a steamer of the *Meteor* type, as in stormy, rough weather she can be closed up perfectly water-tight, and driven through and over the heaviest seas without any danger to passengers, crew, hull, or machinery.

Like the hull, the *Meteor's* machinery is of an entirely new design. She will be supplied with a steam generator, built by Charles Ward, of Charleston, West Virginia, of the water-tube pattern; it is practically four feet in diameter and twenty feet high; four steam safety valves and four fire-grates. The boilers when set up are oval in shape, having 78 square feet of grate surface, 3,560 square feet of heating surface, two centre cylinders of steel 22 inches in diameter and 13 feet long, and 7,850 feet of steel tubing. Every part of the boiler will be tested to 2,000 pounds, and inspected to 800 pounds, thus allowing a working pressure of 550 pounds.

Her engines, which are being built by J. A. Reed, of Brooklyn, are double compounded, four cylinders—two high-pressure cylinders of phosphor bronze, 10 by 24; two low-pressure cylinders of steel, 20 by 24; the high-pressure cylinders taking steam at 500 pounds pressure and exhausting into the low-pressure cylinders at 250 pounds. She has four quarter cranks of steel, thus avoiding dead centres, and making a perfectly balanced engine, and relieving the shaft of sudden strain. The cylinders are supplied with automatic governors, which are intended to prevent any racing or pounding of the wheel. Her shaft is of hammered steel, 7 inches in diameter and 54 feet long. She will be supplied with a 10-foot wheel or screw, having a pitch of 10 feet 6 inches, made of phosphor bronze, four flanges cast separately and firmly keyed to the shaft, so that in case one of the flanges should break the remaining flanges can be re-adjusted, making a three-flange wheel of it. A peculiarity of the engines is that the high pressure cylinders are inclosed within the low pressure cylinders, only two cylinders being visible. It is claimed that this method will prevent condensation in the cylinder, thus saving all the power of the steam. The engines are capable of making 350 revolutions per minute, which gives a velocity of the wheel of over 45 miles per hour, and it is claimed that the *Meteor* will be able to make 25 miles per hour, or the distance from New York to Queenstown or Bristol in a little over five days. The *Meteor*, in all her detail, is the invention of A. Perry Bliven, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and she is being built under his personal supervision. She is emphatically an American vessel, built entirely from American materials, by American mechanics, and is intended as the pioneer of a class of large steel steamers which will follow in rapid succession. A charter has been granted to the New England Quick-transit Steamship Company, of Boston, capital \$5,000,000, and they will shortly commence building steel steamers of the *Meteor* type of 7,000 tons capacity, to run between Boston and Bristol, and other ports in Europe. A party of capitalists in St. Louis and Chicago are

also forming a company to be known as the South Atlantic Quick-transit Line, to run from Port Royal, Charleston and Augusta to different ports in Europe; and what is of more importance to New Yorkers, a party of New York and Boston capitalists, to be known as the National Construction Company of New York, have purchased 700 feet of water front and 27 acres of land adjoining the Manhattan Beach Railroad docks at Bay Ridge, where they propose to erect suitable works, docks, marine railways, sectional docks, etc., with a view of building large and small steamers of the *Meteor* pattern. The *Meteor* is being built for the American Quick-transit Steamship Company of Boston.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### The New British Envoy to Cabul.

Since the withdrawal of the British troops from Afghanistan there has been no representative of the English Government at Cabul. The attitude of the present Ameer seemed doubtful, and it was thought imprudent to select an Englishman for the post. It was, therefore, finally decided to send a well-known native officer, Wazirada Sardar Mohamad Afzal Khan, Khan Bahadur, C. S. I., a son of the late Nazam-ud-Daulah, the Wazir of Shah Shujah-ul-Mulk, whose name figured prominently in the first Afghan War of 1839. The selection is, no doubt, a wise one, for whilst the Sardar belongs to a family of long Afghan traditions, he is also an officer who has served the British Government with fidelity for many years. His reception by Ameer at Cabul is said to have been cordial.

##### The Opium Trade in India.

The opium manufacture in India, whatever may be its moral aspects, is financially of great importance to the British Government. It is said that between 12,000,000 and 13,000,000 pounds of poppy juice, or upwards of 5,000 tons, are gathered yearly in Bengal. This yields to the Indian Government a gross revenue of £6,500,000. The poppy is grown in the broad valley of the Ganges, and principally in the districts near Patna and Benares. The crude opium is carried from the country in earthen pans to the examining headquarters at Patna, where it is thoroughly tested; it is then thrown into vats and stirred until it becomes a homogeneous paste, after which it is made into balls. These balls are rolled into poppy petals, then dried and stacked before being packed in boxes for Calcutta, en route to China. A number of boys are constantly engaged in stacking, turning, airing and examining the balls. To clear them of mildew, moth or insects, they are rubbed with dried and crushed poppy petal dust. Our illustration shows an opium fleet of native boats, conveying the drug to Calcutta. The fleet is passing the Moghryr Hills, and is preceded by small canoes, the crews of which sound the depth of water, and warn all boats out of the channel by beat of drum, as the Government boats claim precedence over all other craft. The timber raft shown in the sketch has been floated down from the Nepal forests, and will be used in making packing-cases for the opium.

##### The French Mission to Paraguay.

We have to chronicle another martyrdom in the cause of Geography. A Brazilian journal announces that the members of the expedition led by Dr. Crevaux, to the number of nineteen, have been massacred by the Tobas Indians while in the act of ascending the Pilcomayo, one of the Paraguayan rivers. Dr. Crevaux was accompanied by Dr. Bilet, the astronomer; Jules Ringel, artist; Ernst Haraut and Joseph Didelot, scientists. Dr. Crevaux was born in Lorquin, France, on the 1st April, 1847, and in 1868 joined the medical marine. He took part in the Franco-German war. After the war Crevaux departed for South America, where he sojourned for three years. On his return to France he obtained from the Minister of Public Instruction a Mission to Cayenne, with instructions to explore the West of Guyana, and the courses of the Amazon, the Maroni and the Yari. This expedition was singularly successful. In his second voyage Crevaux explored other affluents of the Amazon, the Ozapec, the Ica and the Yapura. It was on this expedition that the explorers discovered a plant hitherto unknown save to the Indians, the curare. The plant has received the name of *Styracx crevauxi*. In the month of August, 1880, the doctor started on his third expedition, his destination being the exploration of Magdalena and Orinoco.

##### Honors to Garibaldi's Memory.

Never did the streets of Rome, the Eternal City, present a more imposing sight than on the occasion of the "apotheosis" of Garibaldi. The balconies hung with rich tapestries, the garlands extending from lamp posts and Venetian masts; the windows filled with eager faces, the medallions hanging everywhere representing the familiar features of the dead hero, the well known red shirt known at the Antipodes, while the carriage-ways were thronged with one seething mass of spectators, hushed and awed and reverential. The cortege started at three o'clock, and, as seen from the Pincian Hill, the many-colored flags waving in the Summer air produced a most wondrous and picturesque effect. The base of the funeral car was enriched by numerous allegorical figures. Lions' heads of bronze supported the sable hangings. In front was an eagle with outstretched wings. On the platform was a bust of Garibaldi, modeled by the sculptor Ferrari, the statue of Liberty crowning the devoted patriot's head. As the procession moved along the Palazzo del Popolo the various societies joined in, their respective representatives bearing shields, with the words "Palermo," "Villa Spada," "Varese," etc. As the cortege filed into the Capitol, the sight was one such as may never be seen in Rome again.

##### The Study of the late Charles Darwin.

For forty years the home of the late Charles Darwin was in the quaint Old World village called Down, in Kent. The house is altogether unpretentious, but the surroundings are delightful. Of course, the chief point of interest to the visitor is the room in which the distinguished man was wont to work. It is a large square room, communicating with the garden, two of its walls having shelves filled with books in every variety of binding. Another bookcase is so placed as to form a sort of screen to keep off drafts. The tables are littered with books and papers, flower pots, glass shades, card-boxes and scientific apparatus. At one of the windows there is a low bench, with tools; here microscopic experiments were made. At another window two plants are growing, on which Mr. Darwin was working at the time of his death. The only ornaments on the walls are a few photographs and engravings representing friends and fellow-scientists.

##### The Khédive's Palace in Alexandria.

The palace of the Khédive of Egypt, in Alexandria, is situated on what was once the Island of Pharos, and is now a peninsula, joined by a narrow neck to the mainland. Here, also, is the Fort of Ras-el-Tin, the stronghold of Alexandria. The Khédive and Dervish Pasha resided there until the bombardment by the British fleet last week. Being covered by the British guns, the palace was in three hours set on fire and partially demolished by the terrible rain of shot and shell which was poured upon it.

##### The Russian National Exposition at Moscow.

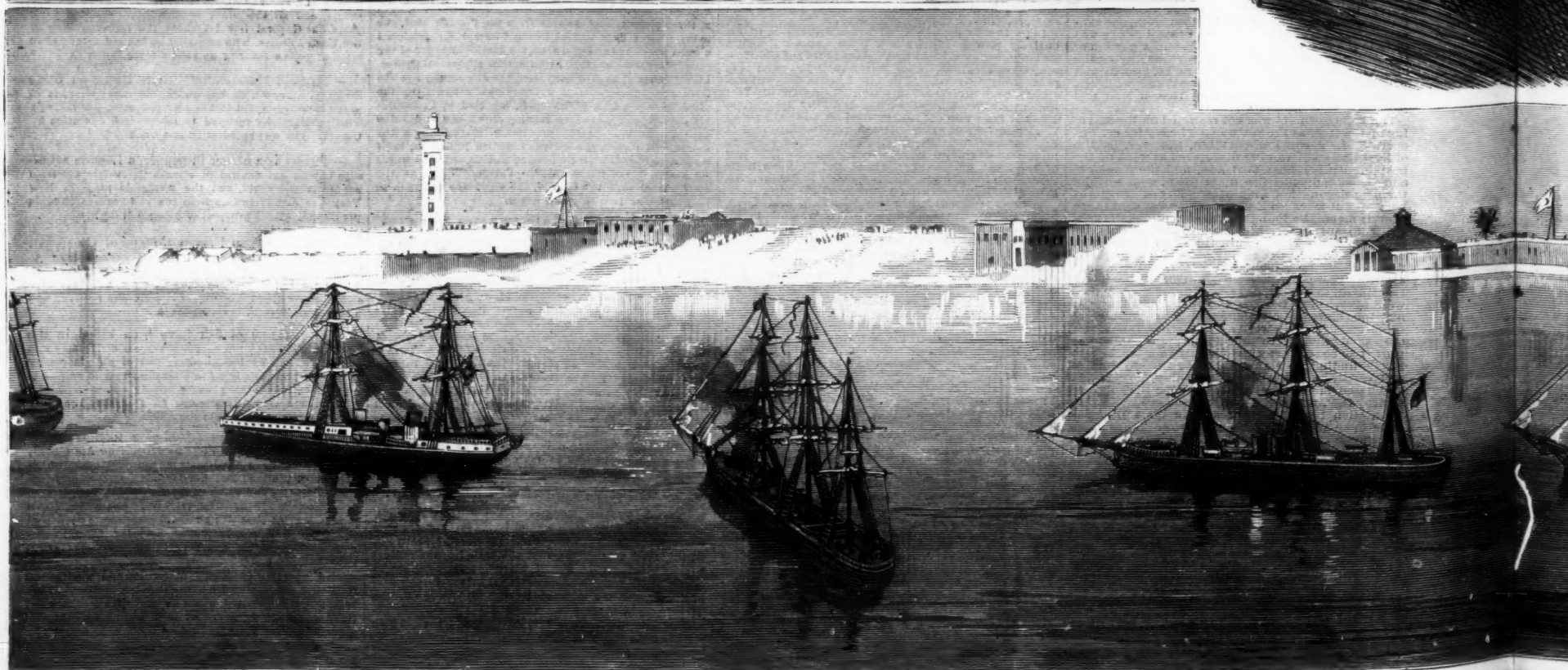
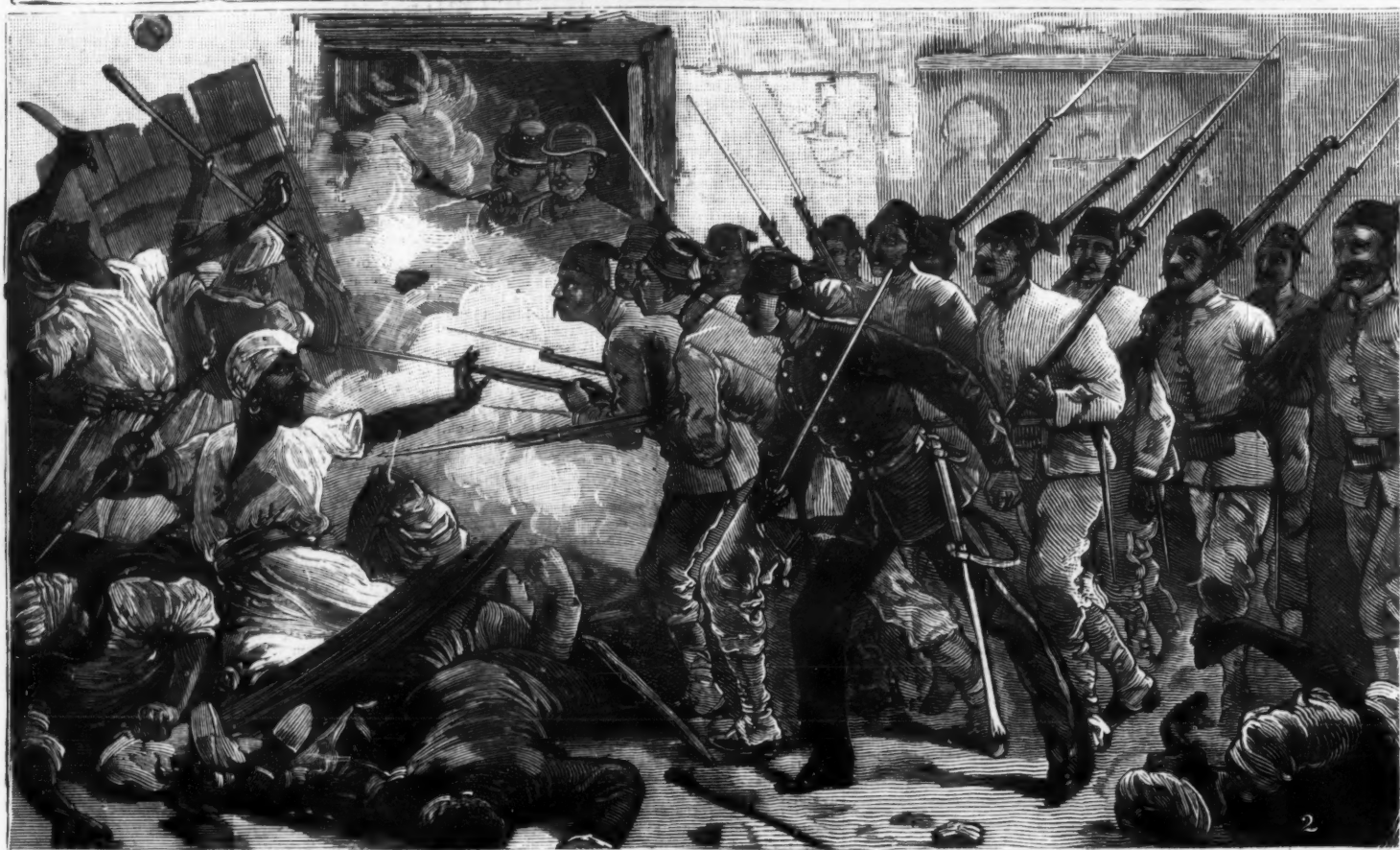
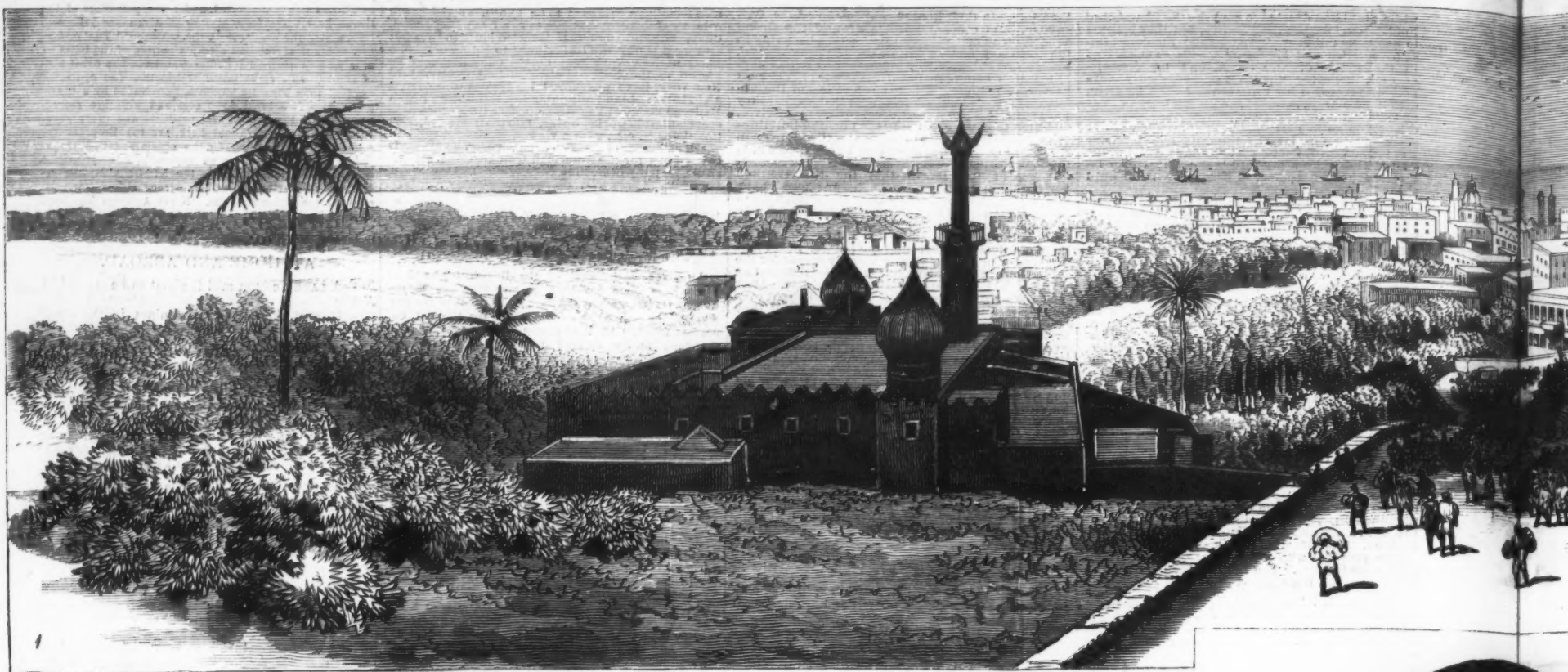
In the year 1880 the plans for the proposed exposition were laid before the late Emperor Alexander II. The death of the Czar in 1881 delayed the execution of the work, and it was on Wednesday of this year that the

exhibition was inaugurated under the patronage of the Grand Prince Vladimir, brother of Alexander III., who represented the Emperor on the occasion. The imposing edifice is of iron and glass; a portion of the building is to form a perpetual Winter Garden. The Great Hall is arched, with eight broad transepts. The centre is devoted to a gigantic fountain, surrounded by a music pavilion. Two great halls east and west are respectively devoted to agricultural products and machinery. In the front, in Petrovski Park, are the Empress Pavilion and the building for the accommodation of the judges. At the back is an enormous concert-hall, a pavilion for the Red Cross, the buildings for the refreshment departments, and numerous edifices for various and particular exhibits. North America has been allotted one of the best departments in the great building.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

- A LARGE cotton mill is about to be started in Venice.
- ONE of the richest mica mines in the world has been discovered near Athens, Ga.
- WOMEN are hereafter to be admitted to the University of Mississippi in all its departments.
- THE black mallbox is raging with great violence at Mazatlan, Mexico, and has already caused fifty deaths.
- PALMISTRY is the latest fashionable craze in London. Every one is having his or her character and fortune told from the lines of the hand.
- In the middle of June the snow lay thick at Balmoral, Scotland, and the cold was intense. Snow also fell in Fifehire and in Norfolk, England.
- A LONDON society paper is disturbed at the increasing number of foreigners invited to Buckingham Palace, to the exclusion of Englishmen and women.
- MARTHA'S VINEYARD now has telegraphic communication with the mainland of Massachusetts, a submarine cable having been laid to Woods' Hole last week.
- AN old German tramp who died in the almshouse of Westmoreland County, Pa., a few days ago, carried \$21,000 in coin and securities stowed away about his person.
- Two officers of a Mexican regiment fought a duel at San Luis Potosi last week, and one was killed on the spot, while the other died soon after he was removed from the field.
- AN explosion, resulting from a fire, occurred in the Rue Louis Philippe, Paris, last week, which destroyed twelve houses, killed twenty persons, and injured forty more.
- THE skeleton of a large whale, which had just been prepared for exhibition, and was valued at \$10,000, caught fire at Boston from spontaneous combustion a few days ago, and was destroyed.
- GLOUCESTER, Mass., is excited over a scheme of the menhaden fishermen to turn their steamboats to catching mackerel by the wholesale, which, it is feared, would soon exhaust the supply.
- VICKSBURG is still agitated over her harbor. The receding of the Mississippi River, leaving only a lake of still water in front of the city where the river once flowed, threatens the prosperity of the place.
- FIVE important Moscow firms have formed a syndicate for the promotion of cotton cultivation in Central Asia, and for the introduction of Russian cotton fabrics into Central Asia and into Russia generally.
- THE main building for the National Mining and Industrial Exposition at Denver, Col., which opens on the 1st of August, is completed, and articles for exhibition are arriving in such quantities as to insure the success of the project.
- THE heaviest brain ever weighed in this country was taken from the skull of James H. Madden, a gambler, who recently died in Leadville, Col., weighing no less than 62½ ounces, or much more than Napoleon's, Agassiz's, or Webster's.
- JUDGE HARLAN, of the United States Supreme Court, has decided that a person may become an American citizen, not only by naturalization and by birth, but, if he is a minor, by the marriage of his mother to an American citizen.
- A MEMORIAL church is to be built at Spire, on the Rhine, to commemorate the Diet held there in 1529, when six German princes and fourteen towns obtained the name of "Protestants" for the members of the new evangelical confession.
- YELLOW FEVER is raging fearfully at Mar-tanzas, and all the other consuls have deserted their posts but General David Vickers, the representative of the United States, who says that he has "determined to remain, yellow fever or no yellow fever."
- THE old Massachusetts State House on State Street, Boston, which has undergone many changes in past years to adapt it to business purposes, has recently been substantially restored to its original condition by the city, and was rededicated last week.
- THERE is a corner in pepper, a London syndicate having got control of almost the whole available supply in the world, and the wholesale price in New York has already run up from twelve to seventeen cents per pound, with a prospect of going still higher.
- THE Wesleyan Female College of Cincinnati was offered for sale by the sheriff last week, under foreclosure proceedings. The appraisement is \$103,000. Under the law it could not be sold for less than two-thirds of the appraisement. Not a bid was received and a new appraisement must be made.
- THOUSANDS of fish have been killed in the upper waters of the Schuylk River, about Reading and Pottstown, Pa., by the pumping out of an old copper mine that had been lying idle for ten years. The people of Philadelphia, whose water supply comes from the Schuylkill, are greatly alarmed for fear that the river may be contaminated near the city.
- NEWS has been received of a terrible hurricane which visited the Friendly Islands on April 25th, accompanied by a tidal-wave fifteen feet high, which swept over the land and did terrible damage. All the natives' houses and many of the Europeans' houses were carried away, and coconut trees were snapped off like pine stems. At Tongata all the churches were destroyed and 2,000 houses were leveled, and the copra-houses with their contents and everything near were swept away.
- A REMARKABLE case of prolonged abstinence from food is reported from the Camden County (N. J.) Insane Asylum. A few weeks ago Henry Clark, of Haddonfield, N. J., who had been confined about two years, conceived the idea that he could cure himself by not eating, and for forty-one days he took nothing into his stomach except water. He became so weak that he had to keep his bed, and at last, on the forty-first day, broke his fast and began a diet of milk, oatmeal and fruit. The effect on his mind was so good that it is expected he will be discharged at the approaching meeting of the Board of Freeholders.



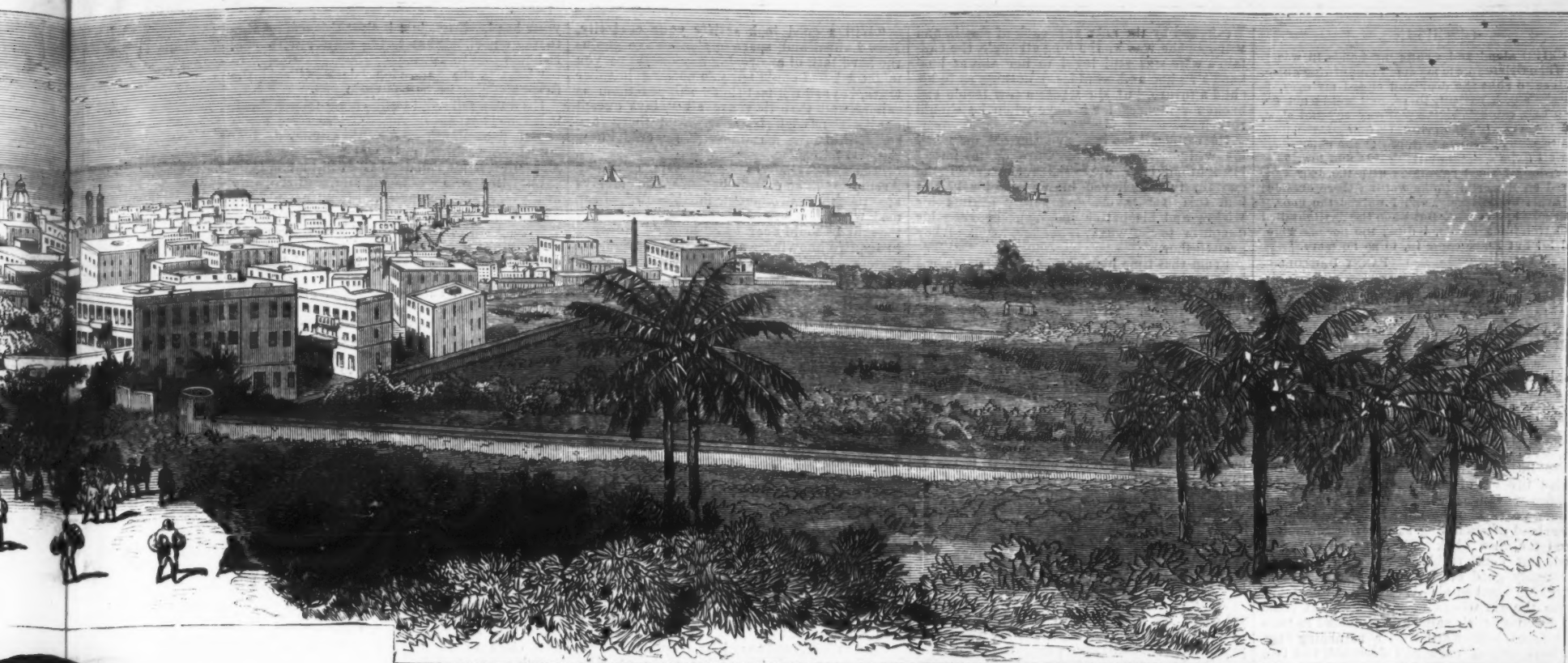


1.—ALEXANDRIA, LOOKING SEAWARD: REFUGEES FLEEING FROM THE CITY. 2.—FLIGHT OF PILLAGERS AT ALEXANDRIA, ON APPROACH OF MILITARY: SOLDIERS WITH

5.—THE ENGLISH FLEET GOING INTO POSITION TO ATT

THE CRISIS IN EGYPT.—THE SCENE OF HOSTILITIES BETWEEN THE BRITISH FLEET AND THE

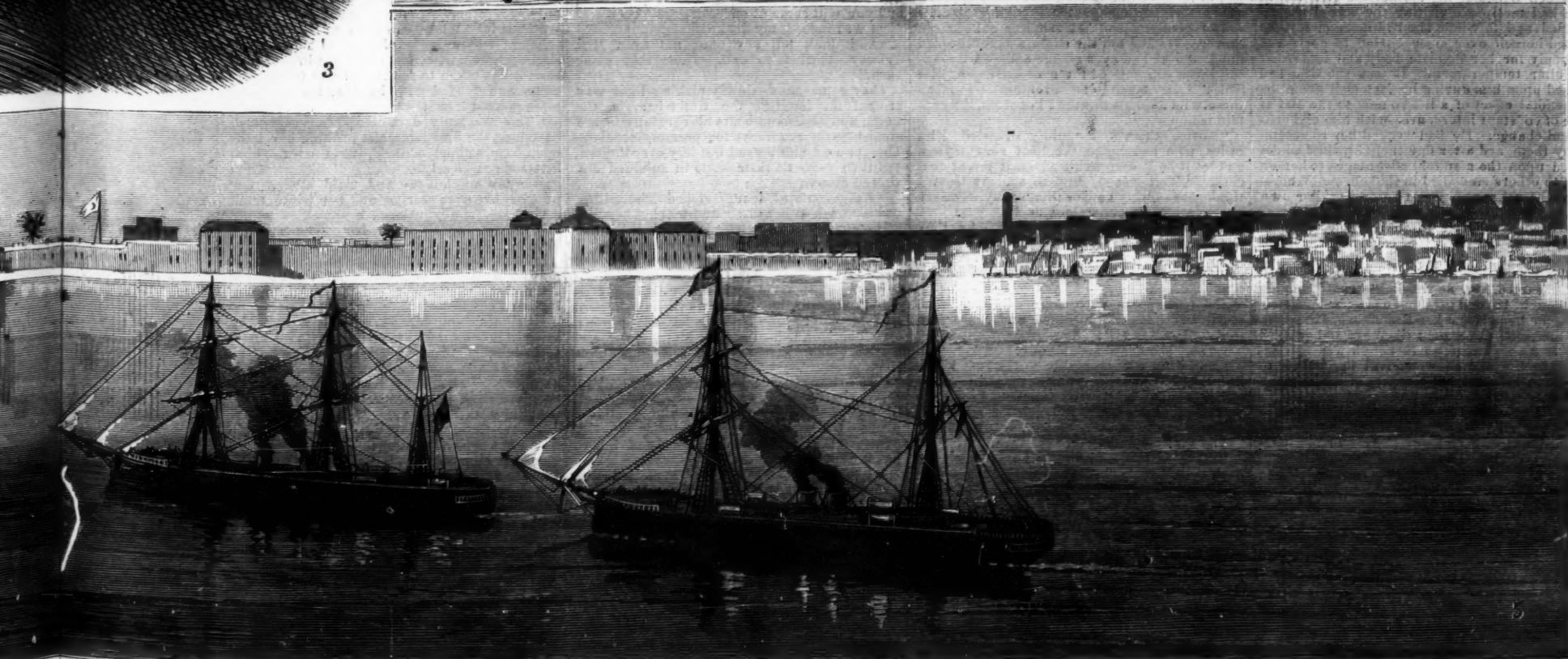




3



4



SOLDIERS WITH TELEGRAMS FOR GOVERNOR, FORCING HIS WAY THROUGH. 3.—ARABI PASHA. 4.—THE MILITARY CLEARING THE STREETS OF ALEXANDRIA, JUNE 11TH.  
 AND THE FOLLOWERS OF ARABI PASHA.—INCIDENTS OF THE RIOTS OF JUNE 11TH.—SEE PAGE 342.



## DISCIPLINE.

I CRIED aloud and wrung my hands in woe. When Grief came to my door in mourning guise. I strove to shut the door and closed my eyes. But she stood, patient, there, and would not go. Then Pain came down the pathway, sad and slow, And Poverty with shivering, brooding sighs, And Sacrifice, with face raised to the skies— And all Grief's sisters talking soft and low. Long, long I stood rebellious with the door Closed on the grim ranks waiting there outside; My heart beat fiercely, and I walked the floor, With sobs and groans. But when the daylight died With trembling hands, I flung the portals wide And lo! but Peace came in, to go no more.

FANNY DRISCOLL.

## THE "EURYDICE'S" VOYAGE.

A SAILOR is naturally a restless being, and whatever his quarters, the desire of his heart is to change. Consequently, a vessel leaving port seldom carries with her the same crew she brings into it. Openly, if they may, clandestinely, if they must, her men slip away from her, and her commander is compelled to make up her complement as he is able. Vessels leaving the Oriental ports thus gather in a motley crowd, and from the tangled threads of such varied lives was this romance woven.

Some years ago the ship *Eurydice*, Captain Sutherland commanding, sailed from Shanghai, bound for New York. She was an old-fashioned, but comfortable, easy-going craft, in thoroughly good order, and thoroughly well officered. She had also been well manned, but during the six weeks' stay at Shanghai, some half dozen English sailors had elected to turn their faces homeward with a returning English bark, whose crew had deserted, and two or three Americans had chosen to enter the service of the United States on the United States steamer cruising in the adjacent waters. Captain Sutherland, therefore, after as much deliberation as circumstances would allow, and with more anxiety than he cared to own, had filled the vacancies with half a dozen Malays, one Sandwich Islander, and three Chinamen. The officers and the rest of the crew were Americans.

The captain's anxiety was due to the presence of his only daughter and two companions. They were making the voyage, primarily, on account of his daughter's health; secondarily, for the amusement of Miss Laura Stiles; and finally, with a view to the enlightenment of the reading public in the near future by the published observations and reflections of Miss Harriet Trimby. All three aims were in a most satisfactory state of advancement, and the captain might well shrink from disturbing the even tenor of their lives by any of the possible horrors which too often attend the management of the dark-skinned, dark-conscience and dark-dealing natives of those dreamily unreal lands. He could but do his best and trust, saying nothing of his doubts and fears. But from the moment the ship's prow dipped eagerly upon the first rolling wave of her native element, from the moment her white sails swelled proudly on the first sea-breeze, his keen eye and sensitive ear, his clear head and ready powers of adaptation to circumstances were on the alert for a threatening scowl, an evil eye, a muttered word of discontent or ill-will.

The presence of discordant elements weighed heavily upon him, and he found himself more than once carefully conning over his fair freight, and mentally reckoning up their probable bearing in a time of need or danger.

Miss Harriet Trimby was middle-aged, and perfectly independent in every sense of the word. She was also perfectly agreeable, combining with both common and uncommon sense a delightful flavor of nonsense. She was a staunch friend of his motherless girl, whom she had met while visiting the school she attended, and to whom she had more or less devoted herself ever since, caring tenderly and strongly for her delicate body and somewhat peculiar temperament. It was she who had urged upon him during his last visit home the beneficial effect of a life so new to the girl as one of constant intercourse with him and continual change. He had begged her to accompany them, and after due thought, she had decided upon the manifold advantages to herself and to others embodied in the scheme. Whereupon Miss Laura Stiles, twenty-five, her own mistress, and wealthy enough for whims, was seized with a desire to share their lot, and, with her usual dauntless eagerness, pursued her desire to its fulfillment.

She was a handsome, willful, careless girl. Light-hearted, and, as yet, light-headed, having no thought beyond getting all the pleasure possible for herself and her friends from the passing moment. Every one liked her and enjoyed her as a companion, so thorough was her delight in life, and so wonderful her ability to seize upon the brightest aspect of all its many sides.

She had contributed in no small degree to the "winged hours" of the long voyage, and seemed untiring and unflinching in her pursuit of their limited amusements. To the captain she was doubly welcome, because of her evident influence over his child, toward whom his fond and anxious heart turned every hour with growing love and fear.

Eurydice—it was her mother's name, and her mother had stood godmother for the ship in the faraway home city, when Captain Sutherland was a schoolboy—was as fair, as sweet and as sad a creature as ever grew to woman's years with a child's heart in her soft bosom. She was not of common clay, and yet it was scarcely the dew of heaven that had helped to mold her.

Her mother left her in babyhood, and her mother's father, hanging in anguish over the deathbed of the last of his family, besought his daughter to comfort him all he could be comforted by giving her little one to his sole care.

Weakened by the near approach of death, and worn as she was by the long struggle, the captain's wife was still loyal to her absent husband's rights, and would say nothing as to his child's future, but she wrote a few feeble and broken sentences for his eye when he should return.

He came all too late, and the old man had his will. Under the pressure of testimony brought to bear upon the poor scrawl, the captain fully believed his wife had asked of him this last favor, and sorely against his wishes and his better judgment he gave his daughter to the weak, if tender, hands of her grandfather.

From that time his voyages grew longer and longer, his visits to his child shorter and shorter, as the years wore on, and the sorrowful effects of her surroundings became more and more apparent to his healthy nature. She was a hothouse plant, neglected even while sheltered, and running wild into weak luxuriance and imperfect bloom.

Her morose and listless grandfather, his ignorant and aged servants, were her sole companions, and the wide, dark, dreary rooms and bare halls of his rambling old house her only idea of home or comfort. The captain's kind heart smote him for the unmistakable sensation of relief with which he heard at last of the old man's death.

Eurydice was then fifteen, delicate and languid in mind and body, shrinking from all contact with her kind, and equally unhappy in her solitary musings. The captain was not versed in girl nature, but he did, as ever, the best he could, and sent her to school.

What the ordinary course might have resulted in for her no one can know, for Miss Trimby found her during the first year, and promptly relieved her puzzled friend, the principal of the school, by assuming almost entire charge of her. The captain liked the change soon apparent in her regular but hitherto stilted and vague letters.

He left her to Miss Trimby for three years, and then returned to find her beautiful and charming, pensive and still sweet, but happier than ever before. Willingly had he agreed to Miss Trimby's wise proposal, and great had been his delight in the new and beautiful companionship of his daughter, his own fair creature, upon whom his tender claim of ownership was set as a seal of heaven's stamping.

She was yet in many things a mystery to him, as well as to others. She had not given herself readily to the new tie, although she had always admired her father as something quite apart from her daily life. But little by little she had come to know him, and in her own quaint and pretty way, to elect him to little confidences, and confer from him gentle little marks of timid affection, whose very expression was less new to her than its need.

Miss Trimby and the captain rejoiced in the success of their experiment, and in the long twilights paced the deck together, exchanging opinions, and trying to solve each other's puzzles over her possible development.

That she should not "develop," should rather slowly revolve in her narrow orbit, and fade gradually into a mild indefiniteness, from whence no ray of enlightenment or wandering spark of genius ever flashed upon her age, was the one thing they never contemplated.

Miss Laura Stiles, gauging her differently, used to follow them with superb eyes of mingled pity and amusement in the pauses of her even game of flirtation with the first officer and the one other passenger—a gentleman of leisure and lazy energy, whose outgrowth was travel.

The one who was not in favor for the evening consoled himself with Eurydice, and found the hours drag. She was not, indeed, an object of interest to any man who could appreciate her brilliant companion.

The gentleman of leisure was a keen observer. He had not the captain's preoccupied mind, and he had eyes as fine and clear.

"Have you noticed these new fellows, Miss Stiles?" he asked, one evening. "I mean these wild animals swathed in cotton, the captain is importing."

"Notice them?" languidly drawled Miss Stiles, who had found the heat very trying, and let it be known to all whom it might concern. "Well, yes, I suppose so. At least, I think those sheety kind of things they wear are aggravatingly cool—to look at."

"Sheety kind of things, Laura! Why, they are grasscloth! And Dodo's are silk."

"You have noticed them, Miss Eurydice?" said the gentleman, quietly, yet with unmistakable emphasis.

She had spoken with more eagerness than usual, but instantly subsided under observation.

"Yes," she answered, simply.

"And pray which is Dodo?" demanded Miss Stiles.

The gentleman looked at Eurydice. She was looking seaward, and neither answered question nor look.

The first officer came to the fore.

"Dodo is the slim young fellow with the dark eyes."

"Every man-jack of them is slim and has dark eyes!" said Miss Stiles, turning her head toward the group on the fore-castle. "Now that I do notice them, an ill-looking crowd they are. Captain Sutherland, dear!"

Eurydice looked up, quickly, and frowned slightly. The captain saw the look as he paused beside the group, and put out his hand to her. She rose and stood hanging on his shoulder while he waited.

"Do tell us something of these brigands you have caught for us," went on Miss Stiles. "Mr. Parmeson has called my attention to them, and it is a regular sensation they awaken in the present dearth of incident. Just look at them lying there in the sunset glare! Might one go nearer to them, captain?"

"Will a good look satisfy your curiosity, Miss Laura, and spare my inventive genius the hard task of answering any questions you might ask? I could tell you nothing, in sober truth, beyond the fact that I shipped them as sailors, and that they are all Malays except one—a Sandwich Islander. And there are some Chinamen, but those you would know without telling."

"Malays? Oh, yes! 'Malaysia, or Malay Archipelago, so-called because the Malays are the most prominent inhabitants.' Dear me! when I learned that at school I little thought I should ever have so good a chance to acquire knowledge according to the Squeers system. Don't you remember, Mr. Parmeson, in 'Nicholas Nickleby'? 'Boy, spell clean. Now, spell winder. After he spells it, Mr. Nickleby, he goes and does it. Then he knows it.' Let us take a look at these Malays, therefore, and for ever after remember all about them."

She rose up with a supple grace and airiness of movement all the more attractive from the contrast with her late indolent languor. Mr. Parmeson rose also, but glanced at the captain half-doubtfully.

The first officer, who was already standing, made no motion, and Eurydice, clinging to her father, and rubbing her cheek gently against his shoulder, murmured to him softly:

"Don't go, papa. Stay with me, please. I can't go. They—they look at me so."

"Mr. Oliphant," said the captain to the officer, with that stately courtesy seen nowhere to such perfection as on shipboard, "will you have the goodness to show these ladies to the bow of the ship? They would like to catch the breeze for a few minutes. You understand?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered Mr. Oliphant, touching his hat, and taking his place at Miss Trimby's side.

She had just joined the group, and went away with them, only half-comprehending the object of the movement.

The captain sat down and drew his daughter to his side, quietly watching the others as they passed in and out among the lounging groups upon the fore-castle.

There was some slight motion, as though the men would have risen, but Mr. Parmeson's courteous gesture, and the lady's quiet objection to such an acknowledgment of their presence, repressed it. Only one rose, and stood upright as a palm, dark, slender, and graceful, against the glowing sky.

"That is Dodo," softly murmured Eurydice, in the half-whisper she so often used.

The captain started.

"How on earth do you know one from the other, my pet?" he asked, laughing, and yet annoyed, he knew not why.

"I don't know," she answered, steadily, and thoughtfully regarding the upright figure, and speaking half-unconsciously. "I don't know who told me his name, and yet I know it. And I know all their faces. There is one wicked, wicked face—an old one. I see it over my bed sometimes, and it frightens me. But Dodo's face comes and drives it away, always before I can call to you. And his face is beautiful and sad, and I am not afraid of it."

"Eurydice!" said her father, sternly and quickly.

She started, blushed, looked up at him in fear and wonder.

"Papa, are you angry? Did I say—did I do anything wrong?"

"No, no, my pet! But it gave me a shock when you spoke of seeing those faces over your bed. In your dreams, you mean?"

"Papa," she said, after a moment's pause, "I don't know. That is the queer part. It must be a dream, you know."

"Of course!" exclaimed her father.

"And yet—it is not? No, I am sure it is not! The next time, papa, I will call out quite loud, and you will come at once."

"I will indeed, my darling."

"And don't tell any one—not even Miss Trimby—until I do call. Here they come back."

They came back, slowly picking their way around the hatches, the water-barrels, the spars, and ropes and boats all carefully lashed amidships in readiness for possible accident. They paused, and looked out idly over the sea, and then came to their seats in subdued and altered humor.

"Well, captain, dear!" sighed Miss Stiles, sinking back in her chair and waving her fan. "The pursuit of knowledge has been too much for me. I am exhausted, overwhelmed. I know more about the Malays than I care to know, and I wish I didn't."

The captain tried to laugh at her, but he could not. His daughter's words had shocked him terribly. Miss Trimby looked anxious. Mr. Parmeson leaned his elbow on the rail and watched the waves go by close under the ship's side.

"I have seen Dodo, however," went on Miss Stiles, rousing herself: "and now that I recall his face, I am quite repaid for the exertion I made. He is quite a love—a dusky one, you know. 'Black, but comely,' as the Scripture has it."

"Laura! How can you?" protested Miss Trimby. "And I saw nothing to encourage a joke. They are a terrible-looking set," she added, to the captain.

"Yes, they are. You will scarcely credit that I selected them. Their brethren were very much worse."

"Yet they are not ugly," said Mr. Parmeson. "It is the expression."

"It is nothing of the kind," decided Miss Stiles. "It is your own fanciful and romantic ideas, good people, and, perhaps, their dress. Yes, now I come to think of it, that is it. Mr. Parmeson, it strikes me you would not look any too civilized in such trousers—two yards wide, I should say—a silk shirt with great loose ruffles, and a sheety thing—as I said before, and very appropriately, too—tied round

your head. Now, just look at this one coming to the wheel. What is the matter with him, I should like to know?"

"That is the Sandwich Islander," said the first-officer, as he passed them.

He was a tall, well-built young fellow, dark, it is true, but not unpleasantly so. He had a genial, even noble face, with a good deal of boyish shrewdness in it, and a certain frank, pleasantness far removed from ill-looking.

Eurydice, who was facing him, smiled openly in his face, and he answered it with a pleased delight that was cheering to more than one.

"Good stuff in that fellow," said the captain. "Mr. Oliphant, oblige me by keeping your eye on him. We may—bring him on," he concluded, somewhat abruptly.

Mr. Oliphant saluted gravely, and walked away. Mr. Parmeson strolled after him for a smoke. Miss Trimby indulged in reverie, the captain in painful thought, and Miss Stiles and Eurydice talked on and on, in a low-voiced confidence, until it was time to go below.

A quiet life. A life of gathering and getting in a quiet, restful way, when every one gives out his best unconsciously. The hurried, crowded steamer trip affords no idea of it, but a sea-voyage in a comfortable sailing vessel is a season good for mind and body, if one has any mind, and if one's body is amenable to circumstances.

Those days of light and warmth, when the *Eurydice* floated, between azure sky and sapphire depths, out of the golden morning into the purple night, were halcyon days to those we know on board of her. Afterwards, Eurydice said they seemed like a dream to her, and she could never separate the real from the unreal in her memory of them. It was years later that she asked Miss Trimby if they did pass close to a shore of golden sands, upon which a great tawny lion slowly paced, and stopped, and went on again, as they sailed.

Miss Trimby had come to understand things by that time, and shook her head.

"I always thought it was Africa, and that I had seen it," said Eurydice, with a sigh.

But while the days were passing she seemed quite herself all the time, a little more pensive, and more inclined to remain apart from the others, but giving no sign of aught that distressed her, even to her father's watchful eyes. Her stateroom adjoined his own, and more than once he thought of what she had told him, and rested brokenly, half-listening for her cry. But all went well. The men worked steadily and gave no sign of discontent. The Sandwich Islander, Sam, proved to be a very treasure. He was a merry fellow, but keen-witted and wide awake, and clever in more ways than one.

The Malays did not speak English, and Sam was their interpreter in the slight intercourse they held with the Americans. He was on excellent terms with both parties, and a favorite with both; but the Malays kept to themselves, and the three Chinamen to themselves, in well-behaved exclusiveness; and the captain's fears dropped away from him as, day after day, the wide-rimmed heavens let fall into the sea the yellow sun, which made each day a thing of time.

He was awakened from sleep one night by an exceeding bitter cry—

"Papa! Oh, papa, papa!"

He was out of his berth and standing in the middle of his stateroom as soon as he heard it. It seemed to ring through all time and to penetrate to the ends of the earth, and yet it was gone instantly.

Everything was still as death and dark as the grave. Bewildered, he stretched out his arms and took a step forward. Something glided from his touch and went past him like a breath. Instantly he was himself.

"Ho! there! Steward—boy, bring a light! What's the meaning of this?" he roared, all the irate commander coming to the frightened father's aid—for fear could reach him only as a father. "Bring a light, I say! Whose watch is it? Where are the men?"

There was a noise of hurried footsteps, a slight scuffle, answering cries, and in less time than it has taken to tell it, but ages to him, the cabin was flooded with light, and a confused mass poured into it.

"This way, my daughter!" he exclaimed, snatching the first lamp and pushing her half-open door against a dark object, over which he strode carelessly.

She lay motionless and rigid among her pillows, her eyes staring and her white teeth set. Miss Trimby uttered a shriek of agony and threw herself upon her. The captain groaned aloud, but caught her hurriedly.

"Don't touch her!" he cried. "Wait. It may be death to you also. Oh, the infernal scum of the earth! how could they touch my innocent child?"

"Captain," said Mr. Parmeson's clear, calm voice, "just let me in there, will you? I know something of these things. She may not be dead—we may save her yet. Oliphant, here's another! Miss Trimby, let the men carry out this wretch, if you please. Dead, by George! Stabbed with a crease!"

It was the old Malay, dead and horrible in death, the poisoned knife sticking in his pierced side, his clinched hands holding the bed-curtains in a grasp never to be loosened.

The captain glanced impatiently at the dreadful burden as they lifted it, and tore away the curtain from its hangings when they paused to free it, but all his senses were locked in his daughter's unconscious state.

He bent over her with breathless eagerness while Parmeson examined her eyes and her mouth, and felt her wrists and listened at her heart.

"She is not dead!" he said, at last, lifting his head with a long sigh of relief. "Captain, I can bring her round, I've seen this sort of thing before. You leave her to us now—Miss Stiles and her maid and me, and take Miss Trimby with you. And they'll want you on deck, too. We've stopped the mutiny, I think, or whatever it was. Sam can tell you, and



Oliphant's got a fellow—caught him coming out of here."

The captain started, looked down at his child with a longing love and tenderness that changed with the tide of thought to a terrible anger and determination.

Without a word, he left the stateroom and strode on deck.

The men were crowded together, jostling and hustling each other, but very quiet save for an undertone of comment.

Mr. Oliphant stood in the midst, the other officers around him, listening and relating.

On either side they fell away as the captain came into the glare of the great lamps, and he walked hastily, but steadily, to the group of officers.

"Mr. Oliphant, I beg your pardon for my tardy appearance, but I fancy that drug they used upon my daughter had some effect upon me. I am only just fully awakened. What have you discovered? How long has this thing been at work?"

"Not an hour, sir. Sam, it seems, went to Mr. Parmeson last evening, and put him on his guard and asked his help. It seems he and Mr. Parmeson have had several talks together about Sam's people, so he has come to look on him as a friend, and confided his suspicions to him. He could not get hold of enough to be sure of anything, but the two together thought they could make out enough to see clearly what threatened before telling you. Sam did not look for any disturbance for a week. Mr. Parmeson was standing just there, sir, telling me, and we were about to rouse you, when we heard the cry and saw the lights go out in the cabin. We made a rush for you, and caught one of the rascals in the outer door."

"Which one? Where is he?"

"It is Dodo, and he is here."

The men moved as he spoke, and showed in their midst the dark and slender figure leaning against the mast. He was already heavily ironed, but he stood as serene and unmoved and unnoticing as though he were menaced by no harsh fate.

The captain's face flushed deep and dark, his eye flashed, and his whole form dilated with the offended majesty of an outraged parent as he saw him.

"Bring that man here!" he said, in a voice of such concentrated rage, so controlled, it was truly awful. "Bring him here—right before my face!"

They touched him and pointed to the captain. He stood up, shook his garments into order, and calmly walked to the place appointed; but he never turned his eyes towards his waiting judge.

"You villain!" exclaimed the captain. "Confess everything, and find mercy if you can. What have you done—what have you meant to do?"

The dark face never changed; the mournful dark eyes never moved; the slender hands rested without a quiver on the white-robed breast.

The silence of death was never more determined and more hopeless.

"Call Sam!" ordered the captain.

The Sandwich Islander was pushed to the front. He looked grave, manly, ready-witted enough. The captain pointed to the statue before him.

"Sam, ask him what they intended to do."

Sam addressed a sentence or two to the Malay, but they met no response.

"Where are the others?"

They were in the fore-cabin under a watch. In fact, they had been found there apparently, the men said, asleep.

"Then it was only the two, and my daughter the only victim for to-night. Sam, ask him why they murdered her?"

Sam put the question. In an instant there was a change. Every nerve, every pulse seemed to leap to new life. He spoke one or two words sharply yet musically. Sam looked round eagerly.

"He says she cannot be dead. It is impossible!"

"Tell him the truth, Sam. Tell him exactly how she lies." And the captain hurriedly described her state. The prisoner listened with burning interest, bending forward and devouring the speaker with intense eyes. As Sam repeated the description, he broke in upon it eagerly, pointing with his manacled hands to the fore-cabin, and apparently urging haste.

"He says he has a drug. It will cure her. It is good. I must get it quick—now!"

"In heaven's name get it, and give it to Mr. Parmeson. Let him go with you."

Carefully guarded, the prisoner was led forward, and, in order to keep him separate from the others, his chest was carried up to him. From its heterogeneous contents, he produced a small silver box, with a keen, sharp odor following in its wake, and handed it to Sam, with a word or two of direction. Then they all returned to the deck where the captain waited, stern as justice. Sam repeated the directions given him and, with Mr. Oliphant went below. The flaring lamps lit up the silent circle of rough and solemn faces closing round the criminal and his judge, who eyed each other for a brief space relentlessly, defiantly, proudly. Then the Malay relapsed into his iron immobility, and stood, graceful, indolent, yet alert, looking seaward into the darkness. Mr. Oliphant and Sam came back with the news that Mr. Parmeson was glad of the drug, knew what it was, and could use it. Then they resumed the examination, but in vain. No word came, no look, no sign whatever that he heard. Sam did his best. They tried persuasion and threats, they brought the dead body of the old Malay, and showed him the crease and questioned him. He turned away from the body and uttered no word.

"Tie him up to the rigging, and make him speak," at last burst forth the captain. "It may be life and death to the whole of us. We must know where we stand!"

There was a moment of confusion. Then the circle widened. At one side of it stood the bare and slender figure, draped in its torn robe, and with uplifted arms bound to the heavy rigging; in the cleared space around him only one man—the boatswain, with his knotted scourge. There was a dead silence, awful and significant. This was something as terribly new to the captain as to the unconscious woman below, of whom he thought while he hesitated. He was spared the indication of a blow.

The cabin-door was thrown violently back, and from it staggered Eurydice, pallid, distracted, looking wildly from side to side. With a shrill shriek she broke through the ranks of men, and threw herself frantically upon the helpless prisoner, tearing at his bonds with weak hands, and crying out for them to loose him, to save him, that he had saved her, that he was good, that if they struck him she would die. The captain hurried to her and caught her in his arms, hastily bidding the men to let him go, and then trying to soothe her with fond words and caresses. Mr. Parmeson had followed her, with the ladies, and the attention of all was concentrated upon her. The Malay slowly robed himself in his torn and blood-stained garments, and then stood for a moment, motionless and pale, looking on the group. Eurydice's cries were hushed, and she lay panting and trembling on her father's breast. Suddenly, with a stately gesture, the Malay put aside the others and stood before her. He called her name in low, musical tones—the name her father and her friends called her—her dead mother's name. It was never sweeter than when it fell, lingering and softened and unfamiliar, from those strange lips. She raised her head and looked at him. He spoke rapidly, eagerly, breathlessly in his own tongue, yet with such emphasis the listeners knew he was explaining away his guilt, telling her all, unavailing to her his very soul. True to his Eastern birth, he used no gestures, gave no sign of emotion other than his rapid words, but stood before her with clasped hands, drooping and bowed head, until the close. Then, pausing for a moment, he loosed his hands, and swept them out towards her with one supreme, entire, yet royal admission of her power over him, once more repeated her name, and, dropping on the deck before her, laid his dark brow on her small, bare, white feet. The next instant he had risen, flashed through the spectators, sprang for an instant in the glare of the lamps, on the narrow sail of the ship's side and plunged heavily forward. They rushed to the side—all was confusion, horror, dismay. But not a sound came back from the wide, dark sea, not a ripple broke its glassy surface, not even a bubble marked the vanishing of a soul. Eurydice knew it not. Her father had gathered her to his heart, and borne her away, sobbing pitifully, yet gently from the excitement of the moment, overtopping that of the night, and unheeding the new sensation. In all the struggle of her weak nature during the days and weeks that followed she was spared the knowledge of his swift and terrible death, and learned of his story only by his devotion to her. Its darkest aspect she never knew.

But when the turmoil was over, Sam had been summoned, and had given the substance of his burning words. The old man was the chief of the gang, and from the first of their coming aboard there had been trouble between the two as to the behavior of the party. The old man had quickly come to understand the younger's feeling for Eurydice, who, it seemed, had been as a god to him, so fair and pure and unlike all other women he had seen, and, angry and baffled, had destined her to death to destroy the spell she had woven. The Malays, it is well known, are stealthy of step and swift as serpents. Watching night and day to protect her, the young man had again and again caught the old wretch at the very bedside and staid his hand. It was during an angry discussion over certain threats he had made a day or so before, that Sam heard enough to alarm him, although not enough to understand the matter. This night the old man had escaped him. He was administering the drug when Dodo found him, and in the struggle, struck home to his heart the terrible poisoned dagger they always carry concealed in some fold of their loose garments. It was done to save her life, and the sacrifice was sufficient to atone for more evil than the poor creature had ever dreamed. For the old man was his father. Remorse and horror at his deed, doubly aroused by the tender sight of Eurydice folded close to her father's heart and clinging there in confidence and trust, had prompted his self-destruction.

Sam told the story well in his broken English, and those who had witnessed the Malay's own recital of it, filled up the outlines vividly enough. A softened memory of the poor, handsome, wretched fellow lingered always with them, and hunted down the bitterness of scorn and fear the other's heartless treachery awoke. The remainder of the voyage was dull and sad enough. Eurydice never knew how sad, for Miss Stiles's reading of her was nearer right than her father's and Miss Trimby's. Hers was but a weak brain, poor girl, and the shock, the powerful drug and its powerful antidote proved too much for it. She was very ill for days—after that a settled languor and meek, pathetic sadness absorbed her. She seemed to have forgotten the events of that night, and to grieve, she knew not why. But a chance reference to something that occurred then so fluttered and distressed her, that they saw it would be easy to break up the sorrowful calm into far more sorrowful storm. Miss Trimby watched her tenderly and faithfully, her father with a loving wistfulness that quite sobered Laura Stiles, and brought out a new and noble side of her delightful nature. They sailed into New York Bay in due course of time, glad to reach home, but as yet, scarcely glad to have gone through such an experience. In the course of years,

however, they have learned to look back cheerfully. The captain connects it only with his fair wife, Laura, who makes up to him, with sweet and fond attentions and bright winsomeness, for his disappointment in his daughter. Miss Trimby feels now, that, after all, it gave her the one object of her life's love and thought for all time, since Eurydice will not leave her, and is happy with her. Eurydice is little changed. She looks fair and sweet and sad, but gives no evidence to casual lookers-on of any deficiency. The only reason they have for believing that she does not class the events of that never-mentioned night among the many "dreams" she often talks of, is a certain loving, wistful, gentle manner she shows Mr. Parmeson, who is often with them, and who is very fond of her. But the captain goes no more to the Orient, and he never speaks of a Malay—never, in any of his delightful "seayarns" touches on the dangers and delights of a voyage in the Indian Ocean.

#### THE MISSISSIPPI ON THE RAMPAGE.

THE Mississippi River celebrated the Fourth of July by "going on the rampage" in the vicinity of St. Louis. Unusually heavy rains had prevailed almost daily for four weeks in the territory north-west of the Missouri metropolis, and the swollen tributaries caused the Father of Waters to rise until by the Fourth of July the Government gauge at the foot of Market Street marked thirty-two feet and seven inches above low water, or two feet and seven inches above the danger line. Much damage was done along the river front, the water not only filling the cellars, but in many cases covering the ground floors, while the legs of horses driven along the streets were concealed from view by the overflow. Some of the manufacturing establishments built on prompt levees to keep back the flood, while others were less fortunate and were forced to suspend operations. The situation was equally serious on the eastern shore, and the citizens of Carondelet were treated to the novel sight of a house floating down the river, a small building used as an office by one of the railroad companies having been loosened from the Illinois shore and carried away. A few miles above the city the water forced its way through a weak spot in the Madison levee, and swept over an area of 20,000 acres, doing great damage to the crops. The flood had reached its height by the close of July 4th, and since then the river has gradually sunk until it is now near its ordinary level.

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Mr. Hansen, an Austrian architect, has discovered that the brilliancy of Pompeian mural painting is due to a stucco lustrous of whitening or chalk with the dust of marble, and has produced work exactly similar. Some of the decorations of the new Austrian Reichsrath are to be after this process.

According to "Nature," the tides are increasing the length of the day, though so slowly that it will take ages to make any great difference, the change being only a fraction of a second in a thousand years. But the change, though slow, is always in one direction, and if the world should last some millions of years, it would become a matter of importance.

A Citizen of Detroit has given to the City Hall four statues of discoverers for the four niches left for some such purpose by the architect. La Salle, Père Marquette, Antoine de la Mothe Cabillac, and Father Gabriel Richard are the four explorers. Their effigies are being made by local sculptors named Donaldson and Melchers, and will be cut in French stone.

Another Roman Villa has been discovered near Sudley Castle, in Spofford Wood, England. A rich design in small colored tesserae was found, and near by several other ancient pavements at a considerably lower level. The ancient Roman bath at Bath, under a modern structure, is being laid bare. A very massive pillar has been discovered, showing that the superstructure was very large.

Mr. Van Rysselberghe, a Belgian, claims to have invented an apparatus which will permit the transmission of a telegraphic and telephonic message at the same time. Experiments made recently in the presence of three Cabinet Ministers on a wire between Brussels and Ostend are said to have been very successful. A practical application of this discovery is soon to be made by the Belgian Government, which is said to be negotiating with the inventor for the purchase of his instrument.

The French Academy of Sciences at its last meeting discussed the curious phenomenon of the non-appearance of sardines at their usual resorts, the inhabitants of Bretagne alone having suffered a loss of 15,000,000 francs on this account in the last two years. The cause of this phenomenon is by some ascribed to a change in the direction of the Gulf Stream, by others to the scarcity of the refuse from the Newfoundland cod fisheries which formerly attracted large numbers of these fish to the French coast. A third theory ascribes their absence to the icebergs, and predicts another "short crop" this year.

Dynamogen is the name of a new explosive invented by M. Petrie, a Vienna engineer, which he claims will prove a dangerous rival of gunpowder. According to his description, it contains neither sulphuric acid, nitric acid, nor nitro glycerine, and cannot injure in any way either gun or cartridge. The charge of dynamogen is in the form of a solid cylinder, which can be increased in quantity without being increased in size, by compression. The rebound of the guns with which the new explosive has been tried is said to have been very slight. It is also said that the manufacture of dynamogen is simple and without danger, that it preserves its qualities in the coldest or hottest weather, and that it can be made at forty per cent. less cost than gunpowder.

#### Death-roll of the Week.

JULY 9TH.—At Newark, N. J., Jacob H. Dawson, a wealthy leather manufacturer, aged 72; at Buffalo, N. Y., Philip D. K. Saunders, formerly a prominent lawyer; at London, England, Benjamin Webster, formerly a favorite actor and successful manager, aged 81; Habiolt Knight Brown, a successful comic artist, best known as "Phil," in his illustrations of Dickens. July 10th.—At Hyde Park, Mass., Rev. Henry Giles, a native of Ireland and formerly a prominent lecturer and magazine writer, aged 73; at St. John, N. B., Alexander McLeod Boely, President of the Legislative Council, aged 70; at London, England, Rev. James Craigie Robertson, a prominent writer of works on ecclesiastical history, aged 69. July 11th.—At Williamsburg, N. Y., Daniel Maujer, one of the oldest and best-known residents, aged 72; at New Haven, Conn., Josiah N. Bacon, Lieutenant-colonel of the Second Regiment. July 12th.—At Washington, D. C., Martin Buell, formerly publisher of the *National Era*, and afterwards Consul to Melbourne, aged 76. July 13th.—At Odessa, Del., Rev. Levi Scott, senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, aged 79. July 14th.—At Southport, Conn., Frederick Marquand, formerly a prominent business man of New York, aged 84; at Syracuse, N. Y., Lewis H. Redfield, a veteran printer and journalist, aged 88; at San Pablo, Cal., Juan B. Alvarado, Governor of the California under Mexican rule, aged 73.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

PRESTON POWERS, the sculptor, is at Painesville, O., at work on a bust of President Garfield.

WILLIE LOO CHONG, a prosperous Chinese merchant of Augusta, Ga., has just married an American wife.

WALTER C. JONES, a munificent Englishman, has recently given \$360,000 for missions in Japan and China.

HON. ERASTUS BROOKS has been elected President of the National Association for Sanitary and Rural Improvement.

MRS. HAYES, the wife of ex-President Hayes, will preside at the Chautauqua meetings of the Woman's Home Missionary Society.

JOHN GILBERT, the veteran New York actor, has been dangerously ill at his summer home on the Massachusetts coast, but is now recovering.

SENATOR BAYARD and Representative Belmont will join Lieutenant Commander Gorringe in a hunting expedition to the Yellowstone country when Congress adjourns.

THE death is announced at the age of seventy-eight of Joseph Aloysius Hansom, the inventor of the famous cabs that bear his name, and a prominent architect of London.

MR. TURL, once an intimate friend and coadjutor of Spahr and Mendelssohn, and for fifty years organist of Westminster Abbey, recently died, in his eighty-first year.

A HANDSOME monument is being erected by military subscription to Prince Louis Napoleon opposite the Royal Military Academy in Woolwich, where he was for some time a student.

THE Duke d'Osuna, who died recently in Spain, was one of the wealthiest men in Europe, as well as one of the most liberally decorated noblemen. His annual income has been estimated at \$1,200,000.

CHARLES LANGHEIMER, better known as "Dickens's Dutchman," who has spent about forty years of his life in prison, is in confinement again, having yielded to the temptation of a handy money-drawer.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE man, resident in Boston, has given Milmore an order for a bronze statue of Webster, to be placed in the Capitol yard at Concord, provided that New Hampshire furnishes the pedestal.

A PORTRAIT painted of Miss Ellen Hale, daughter of Rev. Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, has been given a conspicuous place in the Royal Academy Exhibition at London, and is highly praised by the critics.

THE King and Queen of Spain have left Madrid for La Granja, to spend the summer months in the highland Versailles of the Spanish Bourbons, built by Philip the Fifth in the eighteenth century, close to the ancient city of Segovia.

HANLAN, the champion oarsman, has so far recovered from his recent illness that he has issued a challenge offering to row any five men in the world five races of two or four miles apiece within forty-eight hours of each other.

A STATUE of Rouget de l'Isle, the young officer who wrote the "Marseillaise," is to be inaugurated at Choisy-le-Roi, near Paris, on July 23d, and President Grévy has promised that the Government shall be officially represented.

WILLIAM HAYDEN EDWARDS, formerly Consul-general at St. Petersburg, has been appointed assistant counsel for the United States before the French and American Claims Commission, in place of Mr. John Davis, recently appointed First Assistant Secretary of State.

AN official order from the Post Office Department at Washington directs that Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" shall pass unimpeded through the mails. The Postmaster at Boston had suppressed it and applied to the Postmaster-general to confirm his action.

THE spot where Maximilian and his two companions were executed is marked only by a rude pile of stones and a cross. The inhabitants of Queretaro have repeatedly asked permission of the Government to erect there a fitting monument, but the request has invariably been refused.

WHATEVER the issue of the Star Route case against him, ex-Senator Dorsey, of Arkansas, is already overwhelmed with misfortune. Within a short time his only daughter and his youngest son have died, while the sole remaining child met with a dangerous, if not fatal, accident a few days ago.

JAY GOULD's new conservatory at Irvington, N. Y., is 400 feet long, with several wings of 80 feet each, and contains over 4,000 varieties of plants, most of which were brought from Europe this year. The grounds are 500 acres in extent, and there are large flower and vegetable gardens.

MR. FRANK H. CUSHING, the Zuni historian and ethnologist, is still in Washington, though his "adopted brothers," the Indians, long since went to New Pueblo. It is rumored that he is very soon to marry a charming young lady of Washington, when he will immediately take her with him to the Zuni land.

MISS S. ANNA BREWLEY, of Bristol, Pa., who had been confined to her bed for sixteen years, suddenly arose and walked around the house, unaided, a few days ago, and appears to have completely recovered. She attributes her cure to the prayers of her fellow Methodists, who, at her sister's urgent entreaty, united in fervent petitions for her benefit.

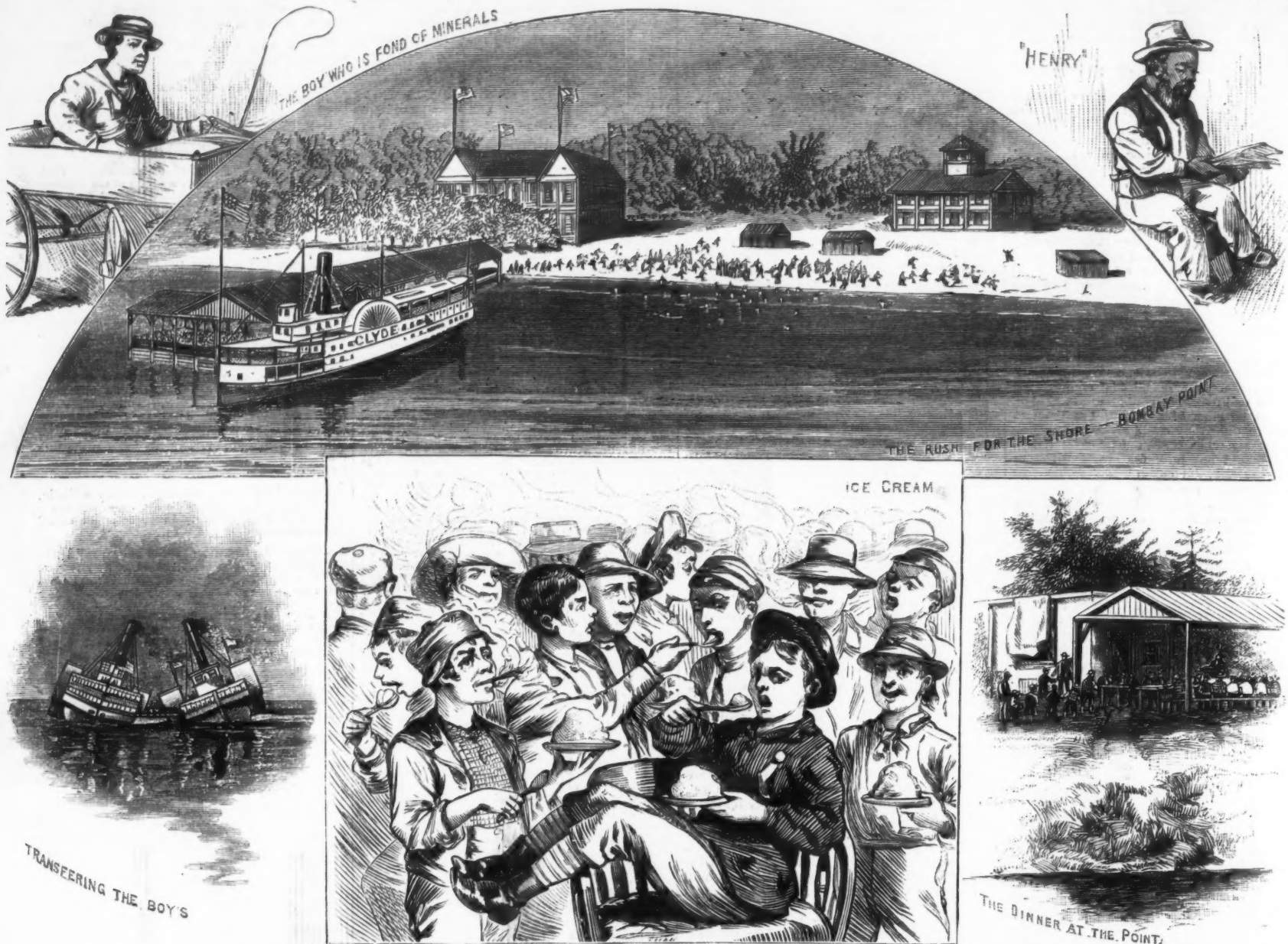
A. H. DILLON, of Sycamore Springs, Kan., who died a few days ago, was a member of the Eighth Wisconsin Infantry, and had charge of Old Abe, the "war eagle" carried during the war by that regiment. He was killed immediately after the war to prosecute his pension claim, and went through the routine of pension life, different times, but died without a pension.

THE senior soldier in the German army is Emperor William, who is its head. In March he entered on his eighty-sixth year. The youngest soldier in the same army is the son of Duke Paul Frederick of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who is scarcely yet a month old, and who has just been enrolled by the veteran Emperor in the Seventeenth Regiment of Mecklenburg Dragoons.

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS, publisher of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, is one of six gentlemen who built the Protestant Episcopal Church at Elberon, N. J., where President Garfield attended service not long before the assassination, and in his capacity of trustee he seats the congregations which gather there from June to October to listen to the preaching of the most eminent divines of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

PRINCESS SOULOUQUE, the only daughter and the only surviving descendant of the once celebrated Emperor of Hayti, who rose from the condition of a slave to that of a monarch, is on a visit to this country as the guest of ex-Minister Bassett, of New Haven, Conn. Her rank was abolished when Hayti became a republic, and she now bears the name of the Marquis de Loubé.





DELAWARE.—A DAY'S OUTING OF THE NEWSBOYS OF WILMINGTON—AN EXCURSION GIVEN THEM BY THE "MORNING NEWS," JULY 8TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.

#### NEWSBOYS' EXCURSION, WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

FOR many years newsboys were left pretty much to their own devices, but of late a growing disposition has been manifested all over the country to pay some attention to these waifs of the street. Newsboys' homes have been established in our larger cities, and even in smaller ones a tendency

is observable to give the boys at least an occasional taste of pleasure. An interesting illustration of this most commendable spirit was recently afforded by the enterprising proprietors of the Wilmington (Del.) *Morning News*, which was reorganized a few months ago and came under the control of New York parties. They decided to give the newsboys of Wilmington a midsummer excursion, and the project was carried out with entire success on Saturday, the 8th of July,

under the oversight of Mr. E. M. Hoopes, the business-manager of the *News*. About all the newsboys in town accepted the invitation, and, leaving the city a little after eight o'clock in the morning by the steamer *Susie McCall*, were transferred at Penn's Grove to the *Thomas Clyde*, which carried them down the Delaware to Bombay Hook. At this pleasant resort the day passed only too quickly, and the boys could scarcely believe the hours had gone so swiftly

when they found it was time to start for home. Hearty lunches were provided, and everything was done to make the outing thoroughly enjoyable. The youngsters returned in high glee, and are even now smacking their lips over the dinner which the enterprising *News* has already announced that it proposes to give them when Thanksgiving comes around. We illustrate on this page some incidents of the excursion.



MISSOURI.—THE RECENT FLOODS AT ST. LOUIS—VIEW ON THE LEVEE, LOOKING SOUTH OF MYRTLE STREET.—FROM A SKETCH BY ARMAND WELCKER.—SEE PAGE 347





TENNESSEE.—GENERAL WILLIAM B. BATE, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARMSTRONG.

GENERAL WILLIAM B. BATE,  
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF  
TENNESSEE.

THE recent nomination of General William B. Bate as the gubernatorial candidate of the Regular Democracy of Tennessee has met with widespread satisfaction in that State. General Bate has had a varied, eventful and thrilling career. He comes of an ancient and honorable family. He was born in Sumner County, Tenn., October 7th, 1826, where he received an academic education. When fifteen years old his father died, and two or three years later he took to the river and ran as steamboat-clerk between Nashville and New Orleans. When the Mexican War broke out he enlisted at New Orleans in a Louisiana regiment, and served therewith until the expiration of its term of enlistment. Afterwards he joined Cheatham's Third Tennessee Regiment, was elected first lieutenant of Captain Hutton's company, and acted as adjutant of the regiment until the war closed, gaining distinction as the captor of the last flag in the last battle in Mexico. Returning home, he became editor of his county paper, the *Tenth Legion*, which he continued to conduct until elected to the Legislature in 1849. After his maiden appearance in legislative halls, he graduated at the Lebanon Law School and commenced practicing at Gallatin. Two years later he overcame a large party majority, defeated several distinguished opponents, and was elected Attorney-general for his district, which included Nashville, and in which position he achieved much legal renown. In 1860 he was District Elector on the Breckinridge and Lane ticket. At the breaking out of the late war, he enlisted, the day after the battle of Fort Sumter, as a private in Company I, Second Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A. He soon became captain and then colonel of that famous command, and led it through the Virginia campaign the first year of the war, being transferred to the Army of Tennessee just in time to engage in the battle of Shiloh, where, for conspicuous gallantry on this field, he was made a brigadier-general; and after Chickamauga, for the same reason, and, although one of the junior brigadiers, was promoted to a major-generalship, which position he held, commanding a corps in the last battle of the war, and surrendering in North Carolina in May, 1865, under General Joseph E. Johnston. During the war he had six horses killed under him while in action, was three times wounded in different engagements, and being still somewhat lame from battle-wounds, "like a Titan maim'd," he stands with many a scar. Since the war he has pursued the practice of the law with marked success at the capital of the State and in surrounding counties. In 1875 he was brought forward by his friends for the United States Senate, and proved the most formidable competitor of ex-President Andrew Johnson for that position. It was a most exciting contest, and hung fire several days. At one time General Bate was elected by one vote, but this vote was changed before the ballot was announced. At this juncture Governor John C. Brown's name, previously withdrawn, was reintroduced, whereupon General Bate promptly withdrew, the result being Mr. Johnson's election. In 1876 he was Elector for the State at Large on the Tilden and Hendricks ticket, and, being a great admirer of Mr. Tilden, his zeal, activity and ability contributed largely to the enormous Democratic majority in Tennessee, although he was confronted by the Hon.

twelve years. Never a candidate for Governor, the present nomination was urged upon him with a view to harmonizing and unifying the Democratic Party and redeeming Tennessee from "Radical" rule, to settle the much vexed question of State debt, and give Tennessee happy issue out of all her present difficulties. In a Delegate Convention numbering 1,400, he was enthusiastically chosen as the

Henry S. Foote and the Hon. A. H. Pettibone, two of the foremost Republican orators in the State. In 1877 he was again in the race for United States Senator, and carried a large majority of the Democrats, though not enough to insure his election. Again, in 1881, with the Legislature equally balanced between Republicans and Democrats, his friends nominated him for the same position, and during a contest, attended by great excitement, he received a majority of all the Democrats and came within four votes of election, when the Hon. Howell E. Jackson was finally elected by the aid of Republicans. General Bate was also a member of the National Democratic Executive Committee for about

standard-bearer of the party; and his great personal popularity—which, perhaps, has never been surpassed by that of any man in Tennessee since Andrew Jackson's day—his brilliant and graceful powers of oratory, his unimpeachable integrity, his sharply-defined and pronounced views, recognizing progress and development in a most liberal sense, all justify the belief that if any Democrat can carry Tennessee, in the present embarrassment of the party on the debt question, General Bate is the man.

STATUE OF  
WILLIAM MORGAN.

THE memory of the assailant of Freemasonry, William Morgan, who fifty-six years



NEW YORK.—PROPOSED STATUE TO MORGAN, THE OPPOSER OF FREEMASONRY, AT BATAVIA.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEWIS.

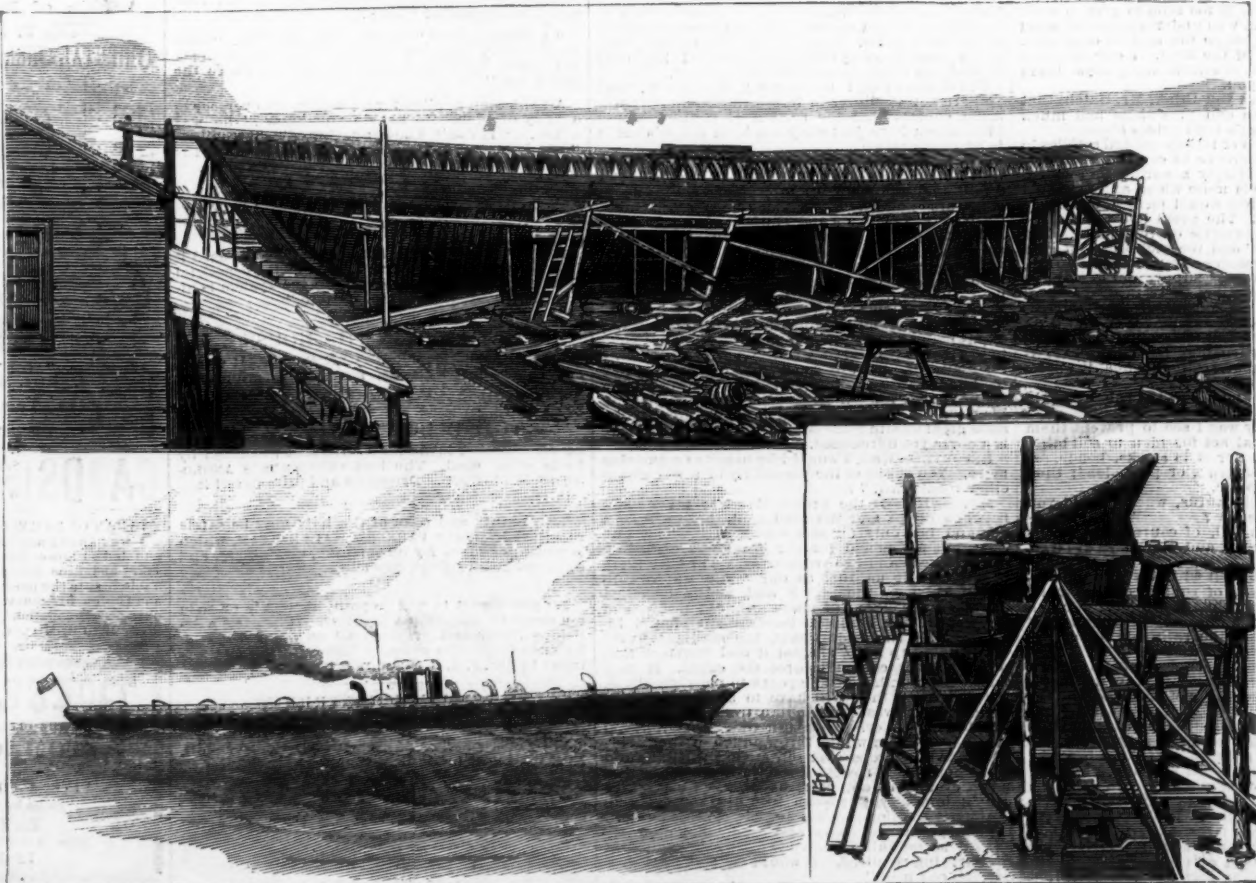


OREGON.—HON. ZENAS F. MOODY, THE GOVERNOR-ELECT.  
FROM A PHOTO. BY W. TOWNE, PORTLAND.

HON. ZENAS F. MOODY,  
GOVERNOR-ELECT OF OREGON.

THE genial and popular gentleman, whose portrait we give on this page, is the first Republican Governor of Oregon in twelve years, and was elected by 2,140 majority over the Hon. Joseph A. Smith, ex-Congressman of that State. In 1878 Walter W. Thayer, the Democratic candidate for Governor, was elected over Christopher C. Beekman, the Republican nominee, by seventy-seven majority. All his fellow-candidates were defeated, and Oregon is now claimed, in view of the steady tendency towards that party, as a reliable Republican State. Zenas Ferry Moody was born at Granby, Hampshire County, Mass., in 1831, and is a son of the late Major Thomas H. Moody of that place. When the gold fever broke out in 1848, he was one of a party organized by Captain Marshall Hubbard, of Springfield, for a pilgrimage to the new El Dorado. The adventurers were young men from Springfield and the neighboring towns of Chicopee, Hadley and Holyoke. They purchased a sailing vessel in Boston and were seven months in reaching a port which is now scarcely as many days distant from the "Hub of the Universe." Mr. Moody had more than one man's share of the ups and downs of that Argonautic era till, in 1859, we find him leaving California for Oregon. Here he settled at The Dalles of the Columbia, and began trading in a small way until the outbreak of the Nez Percé gold excitement in 1862, when he established an express from The Dalles to the new mines, and brought out large quantities of dust for the miners. This route he afterwards sold to Wells, Fargo & Co. In 1867 the Kootenai excitement broke out, and Moody was first among the daring explorers of that trackless region. His idea was to take the trade of Kootenai past Walla-Walla to his home in The Dalles; and to that end he sacrificed a handsome fortune earned in the mines. He bought three sets of second-hand machinery from the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, and built the steamer *Mary Moody* on Pen d'Oreille Lake, the *Nisus* on Clark's Fork and the *Cabnet* on Pen d'Oreille River. Added to this he superintended the construction of thirty-seven miles of wagon-road in a single season. Nothing seemed to be too much for his energy, but the scheme failed and Moody was bankrupt. Returning to The Dalles, he became a partner in the old established house of Robert Grant & Co., whom he bought out in 1878. He is now on the high road to fortune once more.

Governor Moody has four sons and a daughter, the two eldest being in partnership with him. His domestic relations are peculiarly happy, and his home is one of the most delightful in the Far West. He was elected to the Oregon Assembly in 1880, and was chosen Speaker. He



NEW YORK.—VIEWS OF THE DOME STEAMER "METEOR," NOW BUILDING AT NYACK.—FROM PHOTOS. BY L. M. VAN WAGNER.  
SEE PAGE 344.



made so signal a success in the chair that his party judiciously selected him as their candidate for Governor, and the popular vote ratified their sagacity. He is a man of sterling character, and boasts a legion of friends in the Democratic ranks. Exposure and hardship have whitened his hair, but his heart is young and his spirits as genial as in the memorable days of '49.

### RUFUS HATCH INTERVIEWED.

THE WALL STREET VETERAN'S OPINION CONCERNING RAILROAD STOCKS AND THE CROPS.

[From the Boston Evening Star.]

NEW YORK, July 11th.—A representative of the Star called on Uncle Rufus Hatch yesterday, and said: "We understand that you have changed your mind and turned 'bull'."

His reply was: "I don't see how I could turn 'bull' when I have never been a 'bear.' I am always a 'bull' on this country and everything that tends to its development and prosperity. It is true that I have severely criticized the price of stocks and securities and the prices of the products of the country for the past year and a half, and continued to criticize them up to within a month or two, but I had good reasons for doing so, as results have proved."

REPORTER—May I ask what those reasons are?

UNCLE RUFUS—Well, I reached my conclusions in this way—first, I took particular pains to inform myself about the crops in May, June and July, 1881. I paid as high as \$100 per day for telegraphic news; I had men traveling throughout the West in my employ, and I had a very large correspondence with other men who made a study of crops and harvests. Thus I learned earlier than most people that the harvest would be a very great extent, a failure, especially wheat and corn. That being the case, stocks must necessarily fall. I was ridiculed for my statements, and in the parlance of the street, abused like a pickpocket. With short crops staring them in the face, I found people insane in their hope of becoming suddenly rich by speculations in Wall Street, all on the "bull" side, gone mad as they did in San Francisco before the collapse of the bonanza mines. Men, women and children were buying St. Paul common at 130; New Jersey Central at 106; Northwest common at 135; Rock Island at 148, which would be equal to 206, having been doubled; Illinois Central at 145; Denver and Rio Grande at 110; Lake Shore at 135; Michigan Central at 115; New York Central at 150; Erie at 51; Union Pacific at 130; Western Union at 135; Pacific Mail at 55; Wabash preferred at 90, and I believe it went as high as 95 or 96. Knowing as I did the certainty of short crops, it seemed to me that people must come to their senses sooner or later—they have, although it has taken until May of this year to bring them back to something like common sense.

REPORTER—But you must have differed from most traders in stocks, otherwise the market should not have advanced as it did?

MR. HATCH—Yes, I stood alone in my position and had met the opposition of one set of stalwart enemies—the employees of the engraving and lithographing companies who were printing securities day and night—railroad and mining stocks and all other pretended securities. Even if these people had not been busy, stocks were already too high. People at last realized the fact of short crops, and that securities dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange were too high. Some of the securities then printed are now selling at one-half what they did in June and July of last year. Many stocks have reached bottom prices—certainly, they have with the enormous crops we have almost secured.

REPORTER—Well, I must confess, the result has proved you correct; but what has caused you to change your mind?

MR. HATCH—The comparatively low figures to which certain good securities have fallen; the certainty of an immense yield this season of nearly all the products of the soil, and the possibility of a war in Europe. To judge of the future of our market, we must look at the things as they really have been and are, and not as the "bulls" and "bears" of Wall Street represent them.

REPORTER—But, Mr. Hatch, how do you account for the light receipts of grain at Chicago?

MR. HATCH—The present receipts at Chicago demonstrate the small crop of 1881, because that is the largest primary receiving point. You must remember that the drought or arid belt last year extended from Long Island to the Rocky Mountains and was 1,000 miles wide. It took in the corn belt and the wheat section not only, but the garden products. That is the cause of the comparatively small receipts of grain and other farm products, and the high prices of breadstuffs and beef. Who would have believed the statement, had it been made twelve months ago, that the price of nearly all vegetables would, owing to their scarceness, double and treble, and that before the year was over we would be importing cabbages and potatoes from Germany, as we have been doing? This year it will be far different—we shall have an enormous crop of everything but corn, and it is too soon to predict what that will be. Any man who undertakes to say what the corn crop will be before the middle of August shows his ignorance of the West. I expect to see corn at 90 and wheat at 90 within ninety days—there are three nineties for you.

REPORTER—But don't you think, Mr. Hatch, that the "corners" in grain and provisions had much to do with the past year's high prices?

MR. HATCH—Not a bit of it; sensational articles in the newspapers in reference to corners, short and large crops, etc., are simply absurd. Had we exported 10,000,000 bushels more wheat and 25,000,000 bushels more corn, prices would have been double what they are to-day. The press has treated the public to the vilest twaddle on this point. You may preach "corners" and the wickedness of men who lock up life's necessities as much as you please, but I tell you it is all both. Supply and demand is the great law that regulates these things, and all the grain dealers in the world cannot change it. No, my friend, the trouble was that men sold what had not been produced out of the ground, and therefore did not exist. When they tried to deliver it they found that, like the Irishman's flea, it wasn't there.

REPORTER—Do you know how "corners" could be prevented?

MR. HATCH—The only way I see to prevent them is to make it a criminal act for men to sell other people's property, whether it is stocks, bonds, securities of any kind, or grain or provisions; then no corners could take place.

REPORTER—But, Uncle Rufus, where would you be if such had been the law?

MR. HATCH—Why, in jail, of course, but it has not been made a crime yet, and I am still at large, as you see.

REPORTER—Well, I hope it will be a long time before any one deprives you of your freedom. But I am leading you away from the subject; you evidently expect big crops, a good export demand and plenty of business from the railroads, otherwise you would not talk as you do?

MR. HATCH—I expect only what the facts justify. The wheat crop, as already gathered in the South and Southwest, will exceed that of last year, and the prospect of gathering 300,000,000 bushels more was never more promising. If propitious weather favors the farmer for four or six weeks to come, our wheat crop will not fall far short of 600,000,000 bushels. In the Southwest the crops are already harvested. Texas claims 140,000,000 bushels of corn. In the West they are in the midst of harvesting. The Northwest, of course, is later. The corn crop with ordinary weather cannot be less than it was last year, and the idea of figuring on an average crop is absurd, for the increased acreage aggregates an amount equal to doubling our crops of 1877, 1878 and 1879. The oat and hay crop this year is a success from one end of the country to the other, and will, in a very large measure, take the place of any deficiency in corn. It must be remembered that

we have never exported more than six per cent. of our corn crop. If we take in other small grains and the root and fruit crops, we shall gather more in the United States during the year 1882 of what man and beast eat than was ever before harvested. You don't hear much about the root crop, and yet it is a very valuable one. On the other side of the water it is considered one of the most important of European harvests.

REPORTER—Am I to infer, then, from this promising outlook, that you regard all stocks as a good purchase?

MR. HATCH—No, sir, and I haven't said so; but one fact is undeniable, the market for railroad stocks and other securities has seen a very marked decline since July 2d, 1881, and many of the good stocks have touched bottom. There is still a good deal of chaff to be sifted out, but the clearing process has been going on for a year now, and the improvement in the quality of what is left is easily seen.

REPORTER—Are you willing to name any properties that you regard cheap at present prices?

MR. HATCH—Yes, I have no hesitation in advising the purchase of Northern Pacific preferred stock; I am long of it myself, and I bought it because it had a Government land grant equal to an empire, being in all 42,000,000 acres, or more than New England and New York, with a slice of Pennsylvania thrown in. Or more than Great Britain and Ireland with a chunk of the Continent. They have extended their road already over sufficient distance to redeem their bonds and all their stock at par, at the price their land is now selling for. Another great fact is that the best portion of the immigration—the Scandinavians, Germans and Swedes, the hardy northern races who are willing to work, and who come with the intention of cultivating the soil and establishing homes—all take the Northwest as their location. The Western States to-day promise a greater yield of everything except corn than ever before known, and the roads located in these States will reap the benefit. As I said before, the crops of the South and Southwest are already harvested and known to be splendid, and yet many of the Southern railroads are selling fifty cents on a dollar for what they did a year ago.

REPORTER—Well, as I take it, you don't make many exceptions?

MR. HATCH—I am not much of a "bull" on Lake Shore Railroad, which has water on both sides of it, and under every tie; it has the lakes on the north, and a railroad built for about forty cents on a dollar to compete with it on the south side.

New York Central is half water to start with, and with a railroad paralleling it from New York to Buffalo it will be compelled to divide its earnings.

The Burlington and Quincy has built a road from the Missouri River to Denver, thus the Union Pacific will have to divide its business with the former, and the Union Pacific is already dividing with the Southern Pacific.

I do not think I would advise any one to buy Burlington and Quincy, St. Paul, Northwest, Chicago and Alton—not but what they are good properties, but there is no margin left for profit at present prices; people should buy stocks that are low.

If Wabash was worth 90 last year with a failure of crops, it is worth 180 this year with abundant crops. The Wabash and Southwestern systems were the ones to suffer from the severe harvest last year, and are certain to receive great benefit from the abundance this year. The harvests in Texas, Ohio, Kentucky, Southern Illinois and Indiana are already secured, which will insure business for these roads. Mind you, I don't anticipate any such advance in Wabash or other stocks, only I say that good crops mean good business for the railroads.

REPORTER—I suppose I can write you down as an unqualified "bull" on the country, at least?

MR. HATCH—Why, I cannot be anything but a "bull" when I look at this country, its growth and possibilities. In the first place, it comprises within its limits every shade of climate suitable for every creature on the earth; it is capable of producing everything that a man needs to eat or wear or use. And then the growth of the country is marvelous. When I went to Chicago in 1850 it had a population of 29,935; in 1860 the population had increased to 112,172; in 1870 it numbered 288,977, and in 1881 the statistics show a population of 575,000.

The growth of Chicago is but a sample of all the other towns, cities, counties and States west of the Alleghany Mountains—and it has all happened within my business knowledge. When I went to Chicago in 1850 there were only forty-two miles of railroad west of the lakes. It was called the Galena Railroad, and was an old-fashioned strap-rail running from Chicago to Elgin. It may be interesting for you to know that I was one of a corps of engineers that did the first day's work that was ever done on a railroad in Wisconsin. I held on to the hind end of a chain and stopped it at the 100 foot stake. That is the way I commenced engineering. And at that time I traveled over hundreds of miles of country without a house on it, where it is now thickly settled with farms, villages and cities. No man can visit the East, West, Southwest and Northwest without returning a "bull." I traveled about 5,000 miles in the West in May, and saw enough to convince me that an advance in the stock-market would take place. The decline has taken place, and a large majority of stocks are liable to improve; indeed, the boom has already commenced.

REPORTER—But I understand, Mr. Hatch, that you are not a believer in immigration, and yet you must confess that the section of country whose praises you have just sung has been made what it is by immigration.

MR. HATCH—It is only unregulated immigration that I am opposed to. Who ever heard of a city of a million inhabitants designating and setting apart a certain portion of its domain to receive and care for the criminals and paupers of other lands? And yet that very thing has been done in this city, according to the statements of the newspapers within the last ten days. To a country with as many broad acres as we possess, the incoming of men and women with health and willingness to work, and some money to start on, is a glorious thing. But no country could long endure the influx of paupers and criminals that we are being treated to at present. The Press of the country is talking the matter, and it will come to be discussed, when too late, by the pothouse politicians, political demagogues and a few statesmen, if there be any left in Washington. A certain percent. of our immigration adds great wealth to the country—a large percentage is a curse yet unrealized.

REPORTER—Well, I would like to ask one question more. You speak of the possibility of a war as another "bull card"?

MR. HATCH—If the prospective war takes place between Egypt and the Continent, there will be a demand not only for our cotton and wheat and corn, but a demand for our securities exceeding that of a year and two years ago. A war over there would benefit us just as our "late unpleasantness" between the North and South benefited Europe to the extent of many hundred millions of dollars. If the Egyptian Government should interfere with the Suez Canal, the civilized world would take up arms against it and convince that power that it cannot control the canal. It may take some months or some years to convince them, but convinced they will have to be, or what will become of the vast East Indian trade of England? Besides, any interference with that great route to China and India would throw much of the carrying trade of Europe over our steamship lines and transcontinental roads. In fact, it would benefit us in every way, and hurt us none. We can't be drawn into any European troubles, for our geographical position protects us and prevents it; and, as the great and only real neutral power, we should do the bulk of the supplying and much of the carrying required. It would be "all grist that came to our mill."

REPORTER—I believe I've nothing more to ask, Uncle Rufus, and will try to give the public your views just as you have expressed them.

MR. HATCH—That's right, and you might add a

few things by way of general advice. Tell the public not to try and make a fortune in a day, but to put their money into good things and wait patiently for results. Tell them to trace great causes to their inevitable effects, and not be swayed by passing rumors. Facts will always win in the long run, in spite of all that "manipulations" and "cliques" may do to the contrary. The big operators can no more "bear" the market with the present outlook than they could "bull" it last Summer and Fall. Advise the members of the New York Stock Exchange to take a trip West and see and judge for themselves. If we only had a few statesmen at Washington who would pass laws reducing taxes, and who knew enough about finance to pass a consolidated annuity bond, redeemable in the open market to purchasers at market prices, when the Government had a surplus revenue, and at no other time, you would see this country on a stable financial foundation that does not now exist. In all other respects we lead the world, and it is not "spread-eagles" to say it, for the facts speak for themselves, and even the most reluctant of the European countries are beginning to acknowledge it. What better evidence could you have of our rapidly growing importance, and of the belief of other nations in our future greatness and power, than the recent purchases of large tracts of land in the Northwest, West and Southwest, by prominent, wealthy and far-seeing Englishmen. No country has been slower to "give in" to the way we have been "forging ahead," and no people have been more noted for wise investments in land.

REPORTER—It has just occurred to me that the "street" may smile at your telling them what to buy and what to let alone, and particularly at your "bull" talk in regard to Northern Pacific preferred, and after your burlesque circular upon that property in Jay Cooke's time.

MR. HATCH—They can smile if they like, but I have no secrets. If I believe in a stock it is because it has an intrinsic value and a future. If I advise buying it, I back up my advice by purchasing myself. Regarding Northern Pacific preferred, the condition of this road and the country through which it passes is far different from what it was ten years ago. Now its lands are being settled by the best class of European immigrants, and in a few years its 42,000,000 acres will be worth about \$420,000,000.

REPORTER—I am much obliged to you, Mr. Hatch, for so much of your valuable time, and I will now say good-by.

MR. HATCH—Good-by, young man, and don't forget that I am and cannot help being a "bull," not on the "watered" and paralleled roads, but on good properties that are selling cheap, and run through sections of country which guarantee them a prosperous future. On the country at large I am always a "bull," because of its wealth, agricultural and mineral resources, growth and possibilities, and you won't have to live long to see the day when it will be the great agricultural, commercial and financial centre of the civilized world.

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COLONEL ROBERT D. ALLEN, Superintendent of the Kentucky Military Institute at Farmdale, Ky., publishes, in connection with a circular of information, an essay upon "The Training of Boys in College," which is worth the attention of every parent and educator. Colonel Allen's views, in the main conservative, are the fruit of over thirty years' experience in the Institute, reinforced by good judgment, common sense and quick sympathy with his pupils. The Kentucky Military is one of the most successful institutions of its kind in the country, and during its thirty-seven years of life has sent out many graduates now filling high and honorable stations.

### FUN.

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"PULVERIZED meat" is what the Belgian Government is about to give out for army rations. This must be Belgian for "hash."

"A REPUTASHUN," says Josh Billings, "once broken may possibly be repaired, but the world will always keep their eyes on the spot where the crack was."

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